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Beyond Physics, by William P. Montague, on Page 800

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Psychology

THE members of the National Hairdressers' Association have asked President Angell to provide for the study of beauty in the great Institute of Human Relationships which is to be established at Yale. They did not stipulate whether it was to be physical beauty or esthetic beauty—probably they make no distinction between the flesh and the spirit, and perhaps they are right. But whether it is better barbering or an analysis of seductiveness that they desire, there is a profound wisdom in their request to temper psychology with humanity.

The plain man who still speaks only English and has not learned to substitute scientific terms for thinking is a little impatient with psychology. He recognizes its value in the analysis of processes, but he reads through such books as are written in something near enough his own tongue to be intelligible, and feels let down at the end. He learns much of the workings in familiar situations of that tool called the brain. He learns why he had a dream, or boasted when he should have been silent. He gathers in statistics which are clearly valuable for the handling of crowds. And yet when it comes to the individual case, he acquires little more than a technical explanation of what has long been told of in literature and history and even in theology. He has been taught to give technical names to the psychoses of Hamlet, but that he knows much more of Hamlet's mystery is very questionable. He has learned (and is glad to have learned) why some methods of education fail and others succeed, but that his new knowledge will enable him to provide for a better educated man than Gibbon or Newton or Anatole France or Emerson seems most doubtful. He has been given a detailed account of the brain changes in adolescence and a study of the effect of repressions upon the instinct for amorousness, but does he know more—or at least much more—of the nature of love?

* * *

Indeed it is probable that our psychological obsessions are making the problems of conduct not less but more difficult. The hairdressers are right. Beauty—physical or ethereal—is in its whole still a mystery, no matter how successfully we catalogue its fugitive parts. So much of what actually happens in the word (in contrast with what our conventions and reticences accustom us to suppose has happened) is due to the impact of beauty upon the consciousness, that all the resources of all the research institutions might be expended without getting much below the cosmetics. This statement is made with entire seriousness. Even the psychologists realize that their analyses of conduct leave something to be desired, and they have recently been giving us books which are the modern replicas of the old manuals of courtship, in which husbands and sweethearts are told how to behave with both physiological and psychological efficiency. And these books are—to be frank—of an unbelievable crudity, when they are not merely naive. Beside the subtle discriminations of a Meredith, a Stendhal, a Balzac, a Hardy, they are elementary in the extreme. It is Professor Hornbeak just out of his laboratory advising Don Juan upon the technique of the love affair. Or the children's clinic of a hospital telling the Jesuits how to form the mind of youth.

We would not relinquish psychology, or give up one item of laboriously assembled facts, even when these facts have no bearing upon anything deeper than mechanical reaction, even when the philosophies raised upon them are demonstrably wrong. This essay is no defense of obscurantism. We shall be wiser (eventually if not now) from our psychology, precisely as we sucked wisdom from the admirable categorizing of the medieval schoolman, and more wisdom from the doctrinaires of the eighteenth century.

But it is a pity that psychology should have trespassed so far upon the field which rightly belongs to literary art. The "psychological novel," the "psychological drama" are both misnomers. If they get more than a new point of view and a few con-

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On the Grand Tour, 1638-1639

By MERRILL MOORE

MILTON said I saw the golden chain
Almost with my own eyes but not quite,
I could see it far off and the light
With which it glowed penetrated my brain.
It held the earth suspended in chaos there
Out of Hell's reach, attached to Heaven's floor.
That was after the mutinous angels had fallen down
From Peter's village to Lucifer's teeming town.

Galileo answered Yes, so Ptolemy thought.
For one of his day he knew as much as he ought.
I feel that the sun no longer circles us
If it ever did—it's not that generous,
We move about it and as to where the rain
Spills from I don't know, nor the golden chain.

This Week

"The Aftermath."
Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON.
"Lonely Americans."
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"Plain People."
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"Educational Quackery."
By S. A. LEONARD.

Next Week, or Later

"American Estimates."
Reviewed by H. L. MENCKEN.

A Statesman Muses*

By J. W. T. MASON

IF Winston Churchill could act in a crisis as this volume shows he can formulate judgments in his library, he would inevitably become Prime Minister of Great Britain. Perhaps fate has that gift yet in store for him. If so, his present book will contribute powerfully to the realization of his ambition. Reading it, one develops a new respect for Mr. Churchill. This *enfant terrible* of British politics has cast aside his juvenile rôle and emerges, at least between the covers of his book, as a stateman of maturity and wisdom sufficient for encounters with the most complex of the baffling international problems now facing mankind.

Frankness, humanism, breadth of vision, impersonality, and confession of error without any inferiority complex, associate themselves with brilliant judgments of character and accurate measurements of motives. His pages not only instruct the reader and absorb him in the interest of the narrative but also create in him a new regard for humankind. It is no degenerate age that produces such a book. Can this be the impetuous and frequently irresponsible Churchill of the war period? The question arises constantly. Is there a mental evolution in process of development within Churchill which may give him a unique position of leadership in Europe? Or, are there two sharply divided personalities carrying the same name: one, the politician in action; the other, the historian after the event? Perhaps the author reflects a new mood of common sense which may be gaining ground as time permits a better perspective of those devastating events now more than a decade old. Perhaps he is in advance of world thought and speaks with prophetic vision. Whatever it be, "The Aftermath" marks a turning point in statesmanlike judgment of the war, the peace, and the character of the beaten enemy. Mr. Churchill's gift for phrase making enhances the value of what he has to say, for it serves to hold the reader's attention more surely to the most careful analysis of the world's difficulties which any writer has produced since the Versailles gathering.

* * *

Surely, we are not always to live in this cruel period of international suspicions; and the scent of danger hanging over us from the still festering battlefields must, we hope, give way to an uncontaminated atmosphere in time. Mr. Churchill helps to hasten the day.

He has a few sharp things to say. Most of them relate to Ray Stannard Baker, whose book, "Woodrow Wilson and the World Settlement," causes Mr. Churchill to lose his calculated equanimity and engage in invective. "It is disquieting," Mr. Churchill writes, "to think how many conscientious citizens of the United States must have drunk from his infected fountain." Praise of Mr. Wilson in the Baker volume does not excite Mr. Churchill's ire, but he apparently feels that what he calls Mr. Baker's "scenario" does deep injustice to Europeans, lodging all the morality and justice of the world in America's possession.

In general, however, Mr. Churchill is calm and does not become condescending. His impartiality of outlook is a luxury he can well afford, some may say,

* THE AFTERMATH. By the RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $5.

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because he starts with the conviction that Great Britain's power is now at a height without parallel in that nation's history. His opening sentences are:

> The conclusion of the Great War raised England to the highest position she has yet attained. For the fourth time in four successive centuries she had headed and sustained the resistance of Europe to a military tyranny. . . . Spain, the French Monarchy, the French Empire, and the German Empire. . . . During four hundred years England had withstood them all by war and policy, and all had been defeated and driven out. . . . These four great series of events, directed unswervingly to the same end through so many generations and all crowned with success, constitute a record of persistency and achievement without parallel in the history of ancient or modern times.

With this feeling, however, goes no pride of narrative. Mr. Churchill recounts disturbing events in his own country as frankly as he passes in review failures abroad. "It has been my endeavor," he says, "to show the stepping-stones of fate." That they were often slippery and sharp-pointed for the British as for others he makes apparent. Little chronological sequence occurs in his chapters. He jumps from event to event and returns to them time and again, making continuity somewhat difficult to follow. This characteristic was his, also, during the actuality of those same events, in which he played such important parts during and after the war.

Lloyd George is the first great figure to appear in the volume. On the night of the Armistice, Mr. Churchill dined with him alone at the Prime Minister's residence.

> The magnitude and absolute character of the victory induced a subdued and detached state of mind. There was no feeling that the work was done. On the contrary, the realization was strong upon him that a new and perhaps more difficult phase of effort was before him. . . . The conversation ran on the great qualities of the German people, on the tremendous fight they had made against three-quarters of the world, on the impossibility of rebuilding Europe except with their aid.

This deep understanding, alas, was not to hold during the troubled times that followed. Mr. Churchill shows how unfortunate it was, and how inevitable.

> On that November evening the three men at the head of Great Britain, the United States, and France seemed to be the masters of the world. . . . There was nothing wise, right, and necessary which they could not in unity decree. . . . But the hour was fleeting. Unperceived by the crowd, as by the leaders, the spell by which they had ruled was already breaking. . . . They must be face to face and settle quickly. . . . Well might they have bethought themselves of the Roman motto: "Spare the conquered and war down the proud."

But, they did not, for "the removal of the paramount war motive made men conscious not only of exhaustion but of party politics." Furthermore:

> France and Belgium had long and hideous indictments to unfold. A thousand atrocious acts committed. . . . A passionate demand arose in Belgium, France, and England that certain definite deeds, contrary to such laws of war as men have tried to make and keep, should be brought home to individuals. . . . The one practical measure was to hang the Kaiser. . . . But the Dutch are an obstinate people and, more important still, Holland was a small country. Small countries were very much in fashion at the time of the Peace Conference.

Disquieting events, too, were happening in the British army. In a sudden outburst of misplaced efficiency, British officials had decreed that the key men of industry among the soldiers must first be demobilized. Length of service and wounds were counted secondary. The army was resentful.

> In a single week more than thirty cases of insubordination among the troops were reported from different centres. Nearly all were repressed or appeased by the remonstrances of their officers. But in several cases considerable bodies of men were for some days entirely out of control. . . . Some units informed their officers that they had constituted themselves a Soldiers' Council and intended to march to the nearest township and fraternize with the workmen. Usually they were dissuaded by reasonable argument.

But, at Calais, "a regular mutiny broke out." The Army Ordnance detachments and the Mechanical Transport "which were most closely associated with political Trade Unionism, refused to obey orders. They met the Leave-Boats and induced a large number of the returning soldiers to join them." Within twenty-four hours between three and four thousand British mutineers had secured possession of Calais. General Byng, now in charge of Scotland Yard, was sent to subdue the insurrection, at the head of two divisions of loyal troops. There was a critical situation as several hundred of the more obstinate rebels showed fight; but in the end, "the ringleaders were arrested and the rest returned to their obedience without the shedding of a drop of blood."

There was serious rioting, simultaneously in Glasgow and Belfast, "fomented by the Communists." Two brigades were moved into Glasgow. "Order was restored. Very few lives were lost and when blood flowed it was mostly from the nose."

In London, too, there were disturbances. Three thousand troops, of all arms of the service, waiting at Victoria Station to entrain for France as replacements for the men ordered home, revolted and marched to Whitehall, filling the Horse Guards' Parade, "armed and in a state of complete disorder." Mr. Churchill had just passed through the Admiralty Arch on his way to his office. The critical situation was placed before him by Sir William Robertson and General Fielding, commanding the London District. A reserve Battalion of Grenadiers and two troops of the Household Cavalry were at hand.

> I asked whether the Battalion would obey orders, and was answered, "The officers believe so." On this I requested the Generals to surround and make prisoners of the disorderly mass. They departed immediately on this duty. I remained in my room a prey to anxiety. A very grave issue had arisen at the physical heart of the State. Ten minutes passed slowly. . . . Then suddenly there appeared on the roof of the Horse Guards a number of civilians, perhaps twenty or thirty in all, who spread themselves out in a long, black silhouette and were evidently watching something which was taking place or about to take place on the Parade Ground below them. What this might mean I had no means of knowing, although I was but a hundred yards away. Another ten minutes of tension passed and back came the Generals in a much more cheerful mood. Everything had gone off happily.

> The whole of the three thousand had made no resistance as they were escorted under arrest to Wellington Barracks, "where they were all going to have breakfast before resuming their journey to France. No one was hurt, very few were called to account, and only one or two were punished and that not seriously."

Thus, the British handled a situation which might have been turned into a grim tragedy of sedition. But, the army in the end had its way and the efficency experts were stopped from showing further partiality toward their key men.

Such was the atmosphere in which the Peace Conference started to right the world. If only the mutinies among the statesmen could have been quelled as easily as in the British army! But, alas, as Mr. Churchill writes: "The war of giants has ended; the quarrels of the pygmies have begun."

High praise is given the Germans by Mr. Churchill for their stern resistance to the Communists and the Royalists during the peace discussions. He compares the lamentable failure of the Russian people and the success of the Germans in holding fast to the idea of a democratic parliament. Noske, the German Socialist workman who was made German Minister of National Defense in those troubled times, receives a long-delayed eulogy, which may recall his name and his deed to this decade's memory.

The treatment of Germany after the Armistice through continuance of the blockade is revealed by Mr. Churchill in all its cruelty with the implication that the Allies and the United States were deliberately seeking physical torture of the German people. No part of his book shows Mr. Churchill's effort to state the truth as he sees it more convincingly. The Allies and the United States had agreed to "the provisioning of Germany (during the continuance of the blockade after the Armistice) to such an extent as shall be found necessary." Yet,

> Nothing was done in pursuance of this until the second renewal of the Armistice on January 16, 1919 (two months afterward). In fact, the blockade of Germany was extended to the Baltic ports and was thus made more severe than before. The food situation in Germany became grave, and painful stories circulated of the hardship of mothers and children. During these months very few people in Germany, except profiteers and farmers, had enough to eat. Even as late as May members of the German delegation at Versailles were suffering from the after-effects of want of proper food. There was in France and to some extent in England a deliberate refusal to face the facts. . . . The Germans underwent a period of extreme stringency equal to that of a besieged town.

It is a remarkable fact that the end of this unworthy condition was not caused by the civilians at home but by the soldiers themselves, who had suffered the effects of the war, at the front. News reached the British War Office from Lord Plumer, commander of the British army of occupation in Germany, of

> the bad effect produced upon the British Army by the spectacle of suffering that surrounded them. From him and through other channels we learned that the British soldiers would certainly share their rations with the women and children among whom they were living and that the physical efficiency of the troops was already being affected.

There had been retorts of "pro-German" to those in England who had previously sought to end the apparently deliberate starvation of the German people, but now,

> armed with Lord Plumer's despatch and these details, Mr. Lloyd George took the Supreme Council by the throat. "No one," he remarked, "can say that General Plumer is pro-German." The officials were chidden and negotiations (for sending food to Germany) were resumed. . . . But, it was not until May that substantial importations of food into Germany actually took place.

Mr. Churchill gives a dramatic picture of events in Russia from the time the Germans allowed Lenin to cross their territory and devastate his nation.

> Upon the Western front they (the Germans) had from the beginning used the most terrible means of offense at their disposal. They had employed poison gas on the largest scale and had invented the *Flammenwerfer*. Nevertheless it was with a sense of awe that they turned upon Russia the most grisly of all weapons. They transported Lenin in a sealed truck like a plague bacillus, from Switzerland into Russia.

Then follows a description of Lenin that might have been written by Carlyle:

> His weapon logic; his mood opportunist. His sympathies cold and wide as the Arctic Ocean; his hatreds tight as the hangman's noose. His purpose to save the world: his method to blow it up. . . . Apt at once to kill or learn; dooms and afterthoughts; ruffianism and philanthropy; but a good husband; a gentle guest; happy, his biographers assure us, to wash up the dishes or dandle the baby; as mildly amused to stalk a capercailzie as to butcher an Emperor. . . . Confronted with the need of killing any particular person, he showed reluctance—even distress. But, to blot out a million, to proscribe entire classes, to light the flames of intestine war in every land with the inevitable destruction of the well-being of whole nations—these were sublime abstractions. . . . Lenin was the Grand Repudiator. He repudiated everything. . . . In the end he repudiated himself. He repudiated the Communist system. . . . He proclaimed the New Economic Policy and recognized private trade. He repudiated what he had slaughtered so many for not believing. They were right, it seemed after all. They were unlucky that he did not find it out before. But these things happen sometimes; and how great is the man who acknowledges his mistake! Back again to wash the dishes and give the child a sweetmeat. Thence once more to the rescue of mankind.

Mr. Churchill's treatment of Woodrow Wilson sheds no new light on the history of the Peace Conference. He sees Wilson occupying a perilous position on his voyage to Europe. "Before him lay the naughty entanglements of Paris; and behind him, the sullen veto of the Senate." He relates that the three European Ministers of the Conference "were disturbed at the idea of the head of a state, a personage of sovereign rank, sitting with them nominally on equal terms but with inalienable superiority of status." Also, "they were alarmed by much that they had heard of Wilson's autocratic temper and airs." However, Wilson, at the Conference, became the Captain and "as Captain he went down with his ship."

Chiefly, Mr. Churchill is concerned with the implications that President Wilson in Paris represented a superior national morality:

> It is difficult to believe that the European emigrants by whom America had been populated took away with them all the virtues and left behind them all the vices of the races from which they had sprung; or that a few generations of residence on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean is sufficient to create an order of beings definitely superior in morals, in culture, and in humanity to their prototypes in Europe. The American sense of humor, it is hoped, will itself supply to such claims the necessary correctives.

The charge that Wilson was an idealist checked by political chicanery among the Europeans also is resented. In a telling paragraph, Mr. Churchill points out that the President attempted a dual rôle, of idealist in Europe and "caucus politician" in his own country. Yet Mr. Churchill has blame not only for the President. The peoples of Europe were out for hard terms. The trans-Atlantic statesmen whom President Wilson met "represented only too well, in the assertion of national claims and in severity to the beaten enemy, the views and wishes of their own people." These statesmen failed to represent their people only as "they sought to mitigate the misfortunes of the vanquished." That is to say, the Peace of Versailles was the People's Peace and statesmen could not control it. Nevertheless, good was accomplished. Mr. Churchill believes "it is by the territorial settlements in Europe that the Treaties of 1919 and 1920 will finally be

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judged." He sees much hope in the way the principle of self-determination was applied and he points out that "probably less than three per cent. of the European population are now living under Governments whose nationality they repudiate; and the map of Europe has for the first time been drawn in general harmony with the wishes of its peoples." So, all was not evil in the war settlement.

Turkey was roughly treated after the war, Mr. Churchill thinks. "The whole attitude of the Peace Conference toward Turkey was so harsh that Right had now changed sides." He speaks in praise of Mustapha Kemal for his remarkable reorganization of the Turkish nation, declaring that he "ranks with the four or five outstanding figures of the cataclysm." With much severity Mr. Churchill criticizes the way Greece was allowed to make war in Asia Minor on her own account after the great conflict in Europe had ended. He condemns Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Venizelos, declaring that the Greek invasion of Smyrna was "at the behest of the Allies." Turkey's successful resistance gives him much satisfaction. He relates how the late King Alexander of Greece was bitten by a pet monkey in the palace gardens and after three weeks of agony expired in the arms of his bride. "It is perhaps no exaggeration to remark that a quarter of a million persons died of this monkey's bite," he states, referring to Alexander's successor Constantine, whose imperialistic ambitions urged on the unsuccessful Greek campaign against the Turks.

Though peace in Europe now exists, Mr. Churchill sees clouds hovering. "The disproportion of National power between Germany and France was and is the main problem of the Peace. . . . Here was the fear and the peril. It broods over Europe today." What will the future disclose?

On this note Mr. Churchill ends his remarkable book. "The task (of making peace) is not done," he declares on his final page. "The danger of war has by no means passed from the world." But, "the period of repulsion from the horrors of war will be long-lasting; and in this blessed interval the great nations may take their forward steps to world organization with the conviction that the difficulties they have yet to master will not be greater than those they have already overcome."

It has been necessary to quote at unusual length in reviewing Mr. Churchill's book, for no paraphrase and no mere comment can give an adequate idea of its importance. The temptation to delve still further is stopped only by limitations of space. Much of value has had to be omitted. But, what has been set forth, it may be hoped, will send to the book itself those interested in international relations and in world peace. "The Aftermath" provides them with a background, and an account of the actuality of existing reality such as exists nowhere else in readableness, in authority of presentation, and in its underlying warning to civilization.

Psychology

(*Continued from page* 783)

venient terms from psychology, they fall into that category of pseudo-science, pseudo-literature, which is neither one thing nor the other. The half-grasped Freudianism will rot out of the Freudian novels of the period like mouldered beams in a leaky house. "Strange Interlude," for example, succeeded in spite of, not because of, its dosage of science. For literature must deal with the whole man, and the whole man is precisely such a composite of the known and the unknown as only the daring representations—interpretive, imaginative, symbolic—of art can try to grasp. A definition of art (and religion also) is, and must be, that it begins where science stops. Aware of science, using science, but necessarily transcending it.

We do not join our humble petition to the request of the Hairdressers' Association. We hope rather that the new Institution of Human Relationships will keep away from the puzzling problems of beauty until it has completed a survey of the coördinations possible among the sciences which are investigating the physical bases of conduct. That is a task which may well engage the energies of a scientific generation. When its supporters come to a true estimate of conduct, to friendship, love, and beauty, let them ask not for seven but for seven hundred millions of endowment.

And in the meantime there will be literature.

Men Against the Sky

LONELY AMERICANS. By ROLLO WALTER BROWN. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

GEORGE BELLOWS was too frank and sociable to be called lonely in the social sense, whereas Emily Dickinson carried her seclusion to the extent of an oddity if not to the verge of an obsession. But all the subjects of these eight studies were lonely in the sense that each went his way under the guidance of his own character. Loneliness is not the invariable fate of those who "start things," but it is apt to be.

Whatever is new and strange, or does not move with the current of common understanding, goes through a stage of not being understood. It has to create its own current; or, in the course of time and shifting directions, the bearer of a new direction may find that the main current is moving his way for other causes than himself, that he has been more a prophet than a force; or it may be that he dies before it comes his way, and he is only long afterward discovered; or he may go under and never produce any effect then or thereafter. The innovator, not only risks failure, but he risks being wrong. A majority of failures is something like a natural law, a sound society is a stiff substance; it breeds its own prophets and resists them. Its commonest method of resistance is not to notice. But all men of original character have something in

WINSTON CHURCHILL
From a caricature by Low in "Lions and Lambs" (Harcourt, Brace).

them that is solitary; and inasmuch as they have achieved character, they have not altogether failed. The most magnificent symbolism of these solitudes that I know of is E. A. Robinson's poem "The Man Against the Sky."

Mr. Brown's eight studies are of President Eliot, Whistler, MacDowell, Bellows, Charles Eliot Norton, Raphael Pumpelly, Emily Dickinson, and Lincoln.

The Eliot is admirable. One may suspect, more than Mr. Brown seems to, that Eliot rather liked resistance and that an effort of the will was not much of an effort for him. He told a troubled young professor that, if he could fight, in a minority or even alone, he need have no fear of his problem. Moral courage and the pleasure derivable from an uphill fight are sometimes difficult to distinguish, but Eliot never fought except for a conviction and the distinction is fundamental. There may be today more doubts about some of his educational program than there was thirty years ago, but he put Howard "on the map," and lived to see his own apotheosis.

Mr. Brown believes that "the playboy" was not the essential Whistler; it was only the Whistler he had learned to use advantageously in a world filled with the "enemy." I do not think, however, that any such distinction between essential and non-essential is valid. In his artistry Whistler was a grave, stern man, and utterly sincere. But that does not prove that all his poses and quarrels were calculated. Some of them probably were. No man is all of a piece, and genius rides in various kinds of conveyances. A man's genius and the way he uses it are the essentials in respect to his art, but they are no more essentials to him in other respects than other characteristics of his mind and temperament. The Ruskin trial was probably calculated; if it was successful, Ruskin's prestige, and not Whistler's, suffered by it, and the best of the laughs were with Whistler, not against him. He was dandified, biting, and eccentric, because he liked to be. At this distance one is glad that he did what he liked. His own theory of art implies that the artist is more or less necessarily lonely. He called his pictures "arrangements," because most people thought of pictures as stories or sentiments. That was not eccentric, but argumentative and possibly calculated. Travel along the path it indicated has been extensive since, if not congested. He might have felt as lonely in an ultra modernist exhibition as in the old Burlington.

The Lincoln seems the least interesting of Mr. Brown's studies possibly because Lincoln has been explained, not to say pawed over, so much of late, that one is in a mood to be content with one's own liking for him without further interference. To entitle him "the radical" is not promising for the all around portraiture of a man whose capacity for holding back was quite as good as his capacity for driving forward. But the rest, the MacDowell, Bellows, Norton, Pumpelly, and Dickinson, are extraordinarily good. It would not be too easy to find their equals among biographic miniatures. They are more vivid than Mr. Bradford's, and not caricature like some of Mr. Strachey's whose drop of acid, however, no one wishes him without. Mr. Brown is perhaps over sympathetic. At any rate it is the best portrait work in small compass that I have lately read. Any reader, who takes genuine pleasure in fine workmanship, should notice in particular the closing paragraphs in all the first seven essays.

The Folks

PLAIN PEOPLE. By E. W. HOWE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

FAME in the writing profession is fleeting. Few writers survive more than a decade or so, and, generally speaking, writing is a young man's game. But here comes E. W. Howe with his autobiography written by a man in his mid-seventies who wrote and published a novel "The Story of a Country Town," in his mid twenties and has been making his living by writing ever since. When "The Story of a Country Town" first appeared in the early 'eighties it was reviewed and praised by Mark Twain and William Dean Howells and had real acclaim in London. Once or twice a decade since the first edition appeared, other editions have been printed, often by different publishers.

Six publishers have put their imprints on the book—and every edition has been reviewed more than pleasantly by the critics of the passing hour. Mr. Mencken and his brood of cockerels out of four-minute eggs have been most recently scratching gravel and crowing over Mr. Howe. A man who has been discovered by all the literary critics from Howells to Mencken should be accounted a feature in our letters.

This book, "Plain People," is the climax of a list of a dozen volumes, large and small, which Mr. Howe has put out in the fifty years of his career. He keeps his character. The story of his life contains few allusions to the rich and the great, no pictures of the long line of authors who have adorned American literature since the days of J. G. Holland, E. P. Roe, and the New England poets and philosophers. Instead, we find in his life's story the names of Plain People—farmers, preachers, merchants, printers, reporters, country editors—the folks. His story is indeed a grand folk-tale—just that. It is what "The Story of a Country Town" was—Ed Howe's story. Edgar Watson Howe the author rarely appears. Ed Howe reporter persists to the end; the Atchison *Globe* is condensed from fifty-two annual volumes into one delightful book.

It is such a book as Ben Franklin might have written. For Ed Howe is Franklin's spiritual legatee. Both were printers; both country town editors. Franklin and Howe both stood before Kings and saw naked men under the gold braid and rooster feathers. Howe has seen the world pass through a period of tremendous world-wide change, a peaceful industrial revolution in which a new middle class has risen to privilege and power. Franklin

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gazed at a violent, bloody political revolution in America and in Europe. Neither man spun theories about it. If either saw it he thought it stupid and unreal. Each was interested in men, not as revolutionists, but as two-legged animals doing curious and diverting things. Each in his autobiography is a realist. Neither ever chants "A song at twilight when the lights are low." Neither sentimentalizes in falsetto!

The remarkable thing about E. W. Howe is this: that fifty years ago when he had no models or monitors in contemporary letters he was a realist. He was a country printer and editor when he published his first book. He had spent but a few months in a country school. He knew nothing of European literary movements. Yet there in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties, when all the literary fashion was set on the whole by writers who sopped their output in drivel, Howe wrote as the Russian realists were writing—the hard common sense of hard-headed common people.

He has lived his life without changing his point of view. He is as static as a character in Dickens. He reveals in his last book what his first book disclosed—a country boy at the fair having a gorgeous time with the crowd, but risking nothing on the gentleman with the illusive pea and the three little shells; whether the gentleman happens to be promoting altruism, spiritual progress, democratic institutions, or new mechanical inventions, old Ed Howe can't be fooled. He rejected the devices of Roosevelt and Marconi when they were first exploited with equal doubt and scorn.

He is a unique figure in America—a sport from a long submerged line through Franklin and Voltaire to Aristophanes—and back to Beldad the Shuhite. This book, "Plain People," is a good antidote for those sad, sudden seizures that are symptomatic of chronic millennial illusions.

The Truth Behind the News

"YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT!" The Truth Behind the News, 1918-1928. By GEORGE SELDES. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

THE reputations of pretty much everybody in the community, from royalty down—or up, if you prefer—are safeguarded by the wastebaskets of the newspapers, and the all but utterly dependable discretion of newspaper men, who rarely tell all that they know. What the newspapers print is terrible; but—you should see the stuff that they *don't* print!

Partly, no doubt, perhaps chiefly, because they dare not. The word "libel" still has power to chill the spine of the hardest-boiled managing-editor, incredible as that may seem in these neo-Rabelaisian days. What would happen to any newspaper-man, anywhere, who exercised *carte-blanche* in telling all he knew, or thought he knew, about the life and persons, even of his own town? The first obstruction would be in his own editorial and business office. And his reward would run all the way from being fired and suffering general ostracism to getting into jail or being tarred and feathere; very likely it would include all of these.

The people who really want the truth to be told about themselves and their doings, or about anything else, for that matter, are exceedingly few. Censorship, in the last analysis, represents the virtually universal impulse to hush up and muzzle anybody who says things that you don't like, about yourself, your friends, your party, your country, your religion, your scientific beliefs if any. Not even the weather is immune: try telling some old timer that the climate hasn't changed since he was a boy, that there is no such thing as "the equinoctial storm," or that the ice in the river does not sink in spring! Very few people can tell the truth, anyway, being unable to see or remember accurately, to relate without prejudice or personal coloring, or to put two ideas together in due proportion and perspective. Most of what we "know" is hearsay stuff from sources hit or miss.

Now, George Seldes, an experienced and moderately judicious newspaper correspondent, who since 1918 in various parts of Europe and the Near East has served the Chicago *Tribune* (known to itself as "the world's greatest newspaper"), has broken loose in a book telling a lot of things he would like to have told in his correspondence. You can judge of the sort of things that he *did* print, by the fact of which his publishers duly boast—that he has been censored in twenty countries, charged by the French with inciting mutiny in the Foreign Legion, sat on by Pilsudski, and kicked out by Bratianu, d'Annunzio, Lenin, and Mussolini.

Of course! You don't have to print even the ghost of the truth about despotism to have its hooligans fall upon you; the *sine qua non* of successful tyranny is to keep the people uninformed and misinformed. But you don't have to go to Russia or Italy to find out that. Now that Mr. Seldes has made himself *persona non grata* to the dictatorships abroad, let him settle down for awhile in some town in Mississippi or Alabama and send out the weakest dilution of the truth about the Negro; or in West Virginia about conditions in the coal-mines . . . and see what will happen to him.

Alike for those who slobber over Mussolini and those who canonize the Bolshevik crowd, this book will make distasteful reading. It is highly objective; free of partisan bias or emotion, barring indignation at official interference,—especially at the failure of our own diplomatic representatives almost everywhere to give to American newspaper correspondents the slightest support or consideration. But why the surprise? Was it to be expected that subordinates of despotic rulers would condone the evasion of censorships, or that American diplomats (timid souls mostly) would assist in offending the governments to which they are commissioned?

To those who seek real enlightenment about the perplexing problems of the post-war world or substantial contribution to the history of these times, this book will be disappointing. To anybody interested in an alert reporter's experiences in Zones of Trouble it will be fascinating. To me it appeals as a most readable travelogue of encounters with headliners and situations of the post-war times in Europe; from Pershing to the Pope, from Hindenburg to Calles of Mexico; from Lenin and Mussolini to Secretary Kellogg—an immensely interesting procession of events and personalities, seen with keen eyes and described with a vivid skill. Newspaper men will read it avidly, especially those who have had a foreign experience. (They ought to buy it and not swipe it from the book-review editor. We gabble-mongers ought to hang together!) And those "laymen" to whom the newspaper world is a domain of romance and adventure will lick it up—as well they may; it is an alluring book for just such readers.

What I miss in Mr. Seldes's book is what I always have missed in his reporting; evidences of a sense of perspective and proportion—not to mention humor; of historic background, discerning realization of antecedent things and conditions. Appreciation of the traditions, habits, experiences, and education of peoples, such as the Russians and the Italians, leading them to tolerate the persons, the abuses, and the tyrannies about which he would like to write "the truth behind the news." So much depends upon what one means by "the truth!"

Voodoo in Haiti

THE MAGIC ISLAND. By W. B. SEABROOK. Illustrated by ALEXANDER KING. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by JOHN W. VANDERCOOK
Author of "Black Majesty"

THE career of literature as well as the career of life is most seriously afflicted by the cautious dull,—by those dismal people (some of whom write book reviews) who, when confronted by the dramatic or the marvelous, angrily shriek "liar"—all evidence to the contrary. What never happened in Brooklyn, they argue brilliantly, could never happen anywhere. Thereupon, they fall placidly asleep again.

Mr. Seabrook's "Magic Island" will be a trial to readers of this type. For it is about Voodoo on the island of Haiti. It describes, from the rare standpoint of an eyewitness, such goings-on as the transference, to all intents and purposes, of the soul of a girl and the soul of a goat, and the sacrifice of the girl in the person of the goat; the visit to earth of the modern black Haitian version of an old African god (this time in the person of a dazed and ragged peasant) and his subsequent consumption of sacrificial nourishment on a Voodoo altar; and literal resurrections from the grave—stuff unquestionably outside common experience, and for that very reason most interesting.

"The Magic Island" is ample proof that Mr. Seabrook was in Haiti long enough not only to learn what for years has been the obvious Haitian "story," but also to witness more mysterious and secret ceremonies than had any of his predecessors, and to enter sufficiently into the mood of magic to write about it effectively and sanely, if never brilliantly.

One of the most notable features of the book is its attempt to demonstrate the importance of such things as magic, to lift them out of the rank of "mere superstition," and show Voodoo as an immensely vital factor in the lives of large groups of human society. The curious merging, peculiar to Haiti, of the dogmas and rituals of the Roman Catholic church with the dogmas and rituals of the African religious system—equally elaborate, and, to its believers, equally important—is demonstrated over and over again. Once light is cast on it, Seabrook rightly insists that there is no reason for concern over the juxtaposition of our white gods on a Voodoo altar with black gods,—the chiaroscuro, indeed, simply serves to improve the picture. As he shows, a goat's blood, an ancient phallic symbol, and a cross, in Haiti, make queer but cosy bedfellows. One has all the surface data for a genuine comprehension of that subtle thing, the half savage, always gentle African soul. If the author does not achieve that comprehension, he certainly shares his failure with all others who have attempted it. And his liberal, almost anxious, desire to see sympathetically and write truly is rather touching.

Unfortunately, I think, in the second half of the book he carried the same anxious sympathy over into his examination of the present muddled Haitian political situation. For, like many writers, Seabrook wishes the Marines away from the island. He met many of the highly cultivated native mulatto aristocrats, and was, I think, more than a little astonished to discover how completely the gentlemen they were. His very astonishment showed his lack as a political observer.

He is quite outspoken as to what he thinks. He is very polite to his Haitian friends, equally polite to his friends of the Marine, peculiarly rude to the High Commissioner. But his net conclusion is that the Haitians are competent to govern themselves. With that, and, indeed, with much of the matter in the second half of the volume, the reader may either differ or agree. Personally, I have never felt there was any doubt that the Haitian aristocrats were capable of governing themselves. They merely failed most outrageously, most brutally, and brainlessly, when they tried to govern Haiti. And Haitians are rarely clever mulattoes, and, unless one is astonished at them, even more rarely charming.

The title of Mr. Seabrook's book was an inspiration; its illustrations, by Alexander King, are stunning; and its photographs are excellent.

"It is impossible not to be amused," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "at the incident of the huge London store which asked Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and George Bernard Shaw to write signed advertisements for it. All three authors declined, but, in so doing, have supplied the firm in question with magnificent free advertisement copy—for each of the three letters of refusal, adorned with a portrait, has been made (with the author's consent) into a full-page advertisement in a Sunday newspaper. So that actually, though only for once, of course, Bennett, Wells, and Shaw have, in the very act of refusal, done the thing they are refusing to do!

"The argument put to induce these three eminent writers to write advertising copy was that writing is an art like another, and, if a first-rate painter may design a picture poster, why should a first-rate writer not exercise his technique in the cause of commerce?"

The Saturday Review
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A Belated Hate

SUICIDE BATTALIONS. By CAPTAIN WENDELL WESTOVER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT K. HAAS

ON a day early in September 1917, in camp at Syracuse, Lieutenant Westover read an official memo: "Officers desiring early overseas service and having had experience with machine guns, see the Adjutant." Eighteen hours later he boarded the camouflaged "Carmania," one of a convoy of fourteen, bound for France. He saw action with the hard-fighting Marines until the Armistice, having been promoted, meanwhile, to a captaincy.

We can assume that Westover was a good officer. His account reveals him as a hard and conscientious worker. He apparently had a deep sense of responsibility for the welfare of his men, and seems to have realized the importance of setting an example by courageous leadership. To the indefatigable Captain Bruce, his immediate superior, who must have been a very great soldier indeed, he gave the utmost in service and loyalty. And he really hated the Germans.

That is what is the matter with his book. He still hates them so much that, right or wrong, his point of view is one-sided to the extent of making depressingly uninteresting reading. Had he confined himself to his few objective descriptions, evidently set down in rare moments of equanimity—of the billets in Bourmont, for example, with their high, short feather-beds in the whitewashed stone houses (each with its manure-pile) facing the hard, mud-covered road that ran through the town—or of the way men looked coming out of action, uniforms dust-caked, eyes bloodshot, and faces unshaven—we might have had a valuable record of what one observant participant, at least, saw.

But the author has gone beyond this, though temperamentally unfitted for the task. In attempting to create an atmosphere he has become excited; sometimes, as a result, no doubt, he is inaccurate. He and his men are repeatedly wished *"bon chance,"* in complete defiance of the lady's gender, and many a "Veri" pistol flare is fired despite the fact that that device bears the name of its inventor, Lt. Samuel Very.

After all, it may be argued, mistakes in specific detail, while they can irritate, are not important. But what of the surprisingly naive relation, without any supporting evidence being given, of such complicated hearsay as that, on one occasion, a shell was a "dud" because "the Boche were using a lot of Russian ammunition made by German spies in the Russian factories"? And Lt. Westover seems to see nothing odd in a C company's non-com's report of the fate of another group of eighteen German spies—(these had entered our lines disguised as French surgeons)—"Executed with hand-grenades, Lieutenant; and that was too good for them. They died instantly."

* * *

The really amazing thing about this book, however, and a sinister one if taken seriously, is the author's flaming and enduring hatred of the Boche, hatred of a brand scarcely ever met with outside of the 1918 fulminations of some arm-chair patriot. It is almost impossible, in the light of any previous experience, to realize that these opinions are set down, as of today, by an ex-combatant. The flag is waved until it fairly crackles:

> There is no greater faith than to give one's life for the Flag. Let those who were spared, those who would have given, and those who shirked and worshipped gold, all of those, hear—men are counted not by what they possess, but by what they give. May the souls of those who gave for Country rest eternally in Peace—and may new fires seethe in Hells unknown for such as slackers, objectors, profiteers, and those protected from giving by aught but age or sex.

This kind of ranting seems, in 1929, perilously close to hysteria. Perhaps the psychology that inspired it can best be understood in the revealing light of such passages as these—whose luridness Barbusse himself might envy:

> A Frenchwoman brought to Bn. Hqrs. three photographs . . . filched from the effects of a Boche officer. . . . They recorded the march of American prisoners back from the Front Somewhere in the Salient.
>
> The photographs showed the men marching over the crushed stone roads in *bare feet*. Their shoes had been taken from them. Leggins and socks had followed. Many were in their underwear. The Boche wanted these soldiers' clothes. Blood reached, in many cases, to their knees—they marched on stumps of bone, driven forward by bayonets.

Stern as the Boches may have been, did they outdo our author himself in grimness? We doubt it, for does he not inquire, after describing his observation—through a high-powered artillery glass—of the attack and capture of a German machine-gun:

> Who shall plead that the machine-gunners should have been taken prisoners? They that fed and fired the gun which took such soil, mowing down to the last moment, and only when bayonets in the hands of sweating, panting madmen threatened them in the final plunge, raised their hands and shouted, "Kamerad"?

The avowed object of "Suicide Battalions" is to promote preparedness. Unfortunately, from our point of view (because it so happens that we are deeply in sympathy with that movement) it seems inevitable that the book, if it exerts any influence at all, will hinder the cause rather than help it. For the thoughtful reader, instinctively trying to preserve his sanity, yet having to advance through a veritable barrage of high-explosive propaganda, is kept constantly distracted by the necessity of subconsciously dodging the random and unpredictable bursts of Captain Westover's furious bombardment.

One of the woodcuts by Edward Carrick illustrating André Maurois's "A Voyage to the Island of the Articoles" (Appleton).

See page 814.

Too Much Cherishing

THESE ARE MY JEWELS. By L. B. CAMPBELL. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1929. $2.

MISS CAMPBELL, like other novelists, has discovered that the drunken slum mother who smothers her children in bed may be kinder than the woman who by trying to live her children's lives for them kills them by a sort of spiritual overlaying. Her Mrs. Masterson has four children and ruins three of them quite thoroughly; the youngest, growing up when her mother is preoccupied with the affairs of the older brothers and sister, manages to escape.

The only novelty in the treatment of this not unfamiliar theme is that Mrs. Masterson, although a clubwoman, was, for the 'nineties, remarkably advanced and open-minded; she had everything but sense. The running reader might be misled by the opening chapter into supposing that the disastrous outcome was the result of her superiorities rather than, as appears from the story, something that happened in spite of them.

The book is short, and written with admirable clarity. The first novel to appear among Norton publications, it is a very handsome piece of bookmaking and a mildly entertaining bit of reading.

A specially fitted truck, known as a bookmobile, has set out on a nation-wide tour to spread information to libraries and bookshops about the extension of library facilities, says the Indianapolis *News*.

An Egotist's Progress

THIS POOR PLAYER. By SHIRLEY WATKINS. Philadelphia: The Macrae-Smith Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

HERE is a novel of Victorian amplitude, Victorian, too, in the fulness and manner of its dialogue. It should have been cut to half its length; it should have been pruned of the long disquisitions on matters intellectual and moral which, despite the vigorous thought that frequently invests them, inordinately extend the length of a slow-moving narrative without adding anything to its effectiveness. It should have eschewed a few more or less conventional melodramatic touches, and compressed whole episodes. The novel sprawls, though its end is neatly dovetailed with its beginning, and it is at times over-rationalized. But it is worth a dozen of the glib, rapid-fire stories that have attempted similar portrayal of a personality compounded of brilliance and weakness, at once victimizing the world and victimized by itself.

The book opens admirably with a chapter that introduces the hero, Alexander Birney, unobtrusively yet so dexterously as immediately to focus attention upon him. Through the more than four hundred pages of its length, though now and again another figure takes the center of the stage momentarily, Birney's personality, Birney's influence, dominate the story. He makes his entrance upon the scene a young man fresh from the university, confident of, intoxicated by, his own latent powers, determined upon achievement, success, and recognition. He leaves it an aging man, bankrupt materially and spiritually, but still enlisting the affection, and again living upon the bounty, of the woman whose generosity to him in the springtime of his career had driven him from her by its very kindness. He still has with him the friend of his university days who, having lost to him the love of the woman of his heart, is yet loyal to his old affection at his hero's deathbed; there are still those to stand at his grave. Yet he has sacrificed men and women both to his ruthless egotism, has elated them by the eloquence and vigor of his idealism, betrayed their hopes by the inconsequence of his convictions.

It is the triumph of Miss Watkins's portrayal of Birney that though she shows him in all his weakness, she manages to make him not wholly unlovable for all his unloveliness. Rather, indeed, she has invested him with something of grandeur, if only of the tragic grandeur that enwraps the man of great powers who too frequently achieves only the contemptible. Here is a man who might have been noble, might have been great, whose nobility is as short-lived as the enthusiasm of its expression, and whose genius is frustrated by unsteadiness of character. He deluded others often and long, but those nearest to him, the wife whom he married not loving her and who died hating him, the friend who inspired and inspirited him, and greatest tragedy of all, himself, he deluded not at all, or only partially. Therein lies both the dramatic element of the story and its ameliorating pathos.

There is a spaciousness about Miss Watkins's delineation that is impressive. Her secondary characters, like Birney himself, are clearly realized personalities, interesting, purposive, and plausible. With the exception of Birney's daughter, who plays a minor and somewhat too patently mechanical a part in the story, they are essential to the plot and effective foils or supplements to the hero. They are more than that,—they are themselves complete and interesting individuals, and despite the fact that their dialogue is a bit artificial, they themselves, and even more the whole world of their making, have verisimilitude.

Indeed, Miss Watkins is a writer to watch. She has a style that is always capable and sometimes distinguished, insight into the complexities of character and the motives that govern conduct, a tolerance that tempers discernment, and a reasoned attitude toward life. She uses a large canvas though comparatively few figures, and she produces the sense of a world in which living is important and life prolific of both pain and joy. There is a largeness to her work that lifts it out of the ruck of the ephemeral, and that demands all respect. If she had shown more economy in the use of material, and had excised much that was elaboration rather than analysis, she would have achieved in "This Poor Player" a distinguished novel. As it is she has produced one of indubitable merit.

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The American Pageant

THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA: A Pictorial History of the United States. Edited by RALPH HENRY GABRIEL and others. Vol. VII: In Defence of Liberty, by WILLIAM WOOD and RALPH HENRY GABRIEL. Vol. IX: Makers of a New Nation, by JOHN SPENCER BASSETT. Vol. X: American Idealism, by LUTHER A. WEIGLE. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1928.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

As this pictorial history approaches completion, with twelve of the fifteen volumes now ready, both its virtues and limitations grow more evident. Its interest remains as great as ever. Not merely are the thousands of illustrations a fascinating presentation of various aspects of American history, holding the beginner and the casual reader where nothing else could. Not merely do the volumes on art and architecture give these subjects a reality and vividness which thinly illustrated texts could never do, while the wealth of caricatures and cartoons on American campaigns—to name but one minor element—is an invaluable aid to the apprehension of our politics. Taken together these volumes, as we have before said, stimulate the imagination as it must be stimulated if history serves its highest function. The crowded pages exhale the poetry and drama of American life. No one can rise from them without a new sense of the richness, the inexhaustible variety, the color, and the vitality of the American record in the last three hundred years. Doubtless to many intelligent persons history still means dull facts, dates, and tables of Presidents. But no such person could spend half a day with these dozen volumes without a wholly new conception—half practical, half mystical—of the broad, turbid, impressive stream of adventure, conflict, and achievement which make up our continental record from the landing of Captain John Smith and the explorations of La Salle to the inauguration of a Californian as President.

The primary difficulty in such a work is to marry the text to the illustrations without cramping the former or leaving the latter detached and irrelevant. This difficulty is not always fully surmounted. In some of the volumes we feel that the text is simply a letter-press written around the pictures, and that the two are not harmoniously merged. In some we also feel that the narrative or exposition is over-simplified. But in others the text has an admirable degree of unity and completeness, as in Mr. Gabriel's previous volume called "Toilers of Land and Sea"; while the illustrations have evidently been selected to fit it from an overflowing portfolio.

* * *

Unquestionably there is a certain over-simplification in Mr. Wood's and Mr. Gabriel's volume on military and naval history since 1860, "In Defence of Liberty." That is, neither our detailed field operations nor our broad national policy with regard to peace and war is treated with a critical spirit. It is all made a brisk and stirring story, with the murmur of martial music through it. The darker shades are suppressed; various military historians and writers were levied upon for quotations in the characteristic military temper. Anyone acquainted with the facts of the case will take vigorous exception, for example, to the treatment of Roosevelt's offer in 1917 to recruit a battalion for service in France, here given a half page in chapter thirteen; the cartoon by Darling and the text accompanying it would leave the impression that some mean motive on the part of the Wilson Administration prevented the Roosevelt scheme from being carried out. The note of our "long neglect of all war preparation" is touched again and again in the narrative. Yet this volume does present an exceedingly useful assortment of pictures on the Civil War, the Spanish War, the Boxer expedition, and our share in the World War. It is this last section, more than 150 pages on the events of 1917-18, which is the most notable; we have had pictorial histories of the Civil War and War with Spain, but this is the first important attempt at a collection of maps, diagrams, portraits, photographs, and drawings to illustrate our World War effort, and it is exceedingly well done.

The late Professor Bassett's "Makers of a New Nation," a political history of the United States, from Lincoln's inauguration to the accession of Coolidge, has the critical edge which the other volume lacks. Nothing could be better than its treatment of the buccaneering epoch after the Civil War; nothing juster than its restrained arraignment of Blaine; nothing more incisive than its disposal of the question of McKinley's responsibility for the war with Spain. The text is equally fair to Roosevelt and to Wilson. At the end the author passes over in silence the scandals of the Harding Administration, but there is a reason for this; they did not come to light till after Mr. Coolidge entered the White House, and he halts his narrative with this event: His one fault is a certain lack of appreciation for the deeper contributions of Western agrarianism and radicalism to American politics. For this volume the wealth of illustrations available must have been embarrassing; and it is interesting to note how many of those chosen are unhackneyed. The Keppler, Gillam, and Rogers cartoons here reprinted for the first time are alone worth the price of the book.

But the freshest of these three volumes, a book which does something to fill a marked gap in our historical record, is Luther A. Weigle's "American Idealism." It is extraordinary how little attention has been paid to many aspects of our religious and educational history. There is nowhere a good composite history of American churches since the Civil War, or of American higher education since its renascence in the 'seventies. Three fourths of Mr. Weigle's volume is concerned with religion and with the various humanitarian and idealistic movements, such as temperance, which were nourished chiefly by the churches. It was an error of editorial judgment which compelled him to use the remaining fourth—the utterly inadequate space of ninety pages—for a sketch of our educational record from the founding of the Boston Latin School in 1635 to the establishment of Duke University. He cannot even touch the salient points in this absurd space. But his fuller treatment of religion shows careful planning, and if it seldom gets beneath the surface, it is something to see the surface so competently mapped. One can find in any good library long shelves of volumes devoted each to its own special sect or movement. What one cannot find is a comprehensive summary which treats side by side the Christian Associations, the reunion of the old-school and new school Presbyterians, the Ethical Culture Society, the rise of reform Judaism, the development of social Christianity under men like Washington Gladden and Walter Rauschenbusch, and the growth of Christian Science. Mr. Weigle offers us a stimulating synthesis of these and many other religious movements and tendencies. Where he has blazed his slight trail, others should follow to build a real road.

Floating Fancies

FRONTIERS AND THE FUR TRADE. By SIDNEY GREENBIE. New York: The John Day Co. 1928. $3.75.

Reviewed by CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

THERE are several good ideas behind this book. Mr. Greenbie, as president of the Floating University, believes in travel as a means of historical research. He tells us that he has journeyed over thousands of miles of the old routes of the *voyageurs*. That makes a happy, healthful outing for any one who can take it, even if a visit to Bismarck today only misleads one as to how the place looked to Gaultier de la Verendrye and to Lewis and Clark. To fill the eyes and ears with modern aspects and modern sounds is a dubious method of achieving the atmosphere of the past.

For all Mr. Greenbie's trekking over this continent and back to the European home towns of the early explorers and hunters, the feeling of the wilderness, and its meaning in the lives of them that dwell therein, eludes his pen. He has dipped freely into both sources and secondary material, and, from travel and reading, has produced a fairly readable series of journalistic articles which do not cohere into the form and substance of a book. The streams of history are deep, their waters, cross currents, and undertow, are the life-flow of centuries of mankind; and Mr. Greenbie is a floater. He expresses the opinion that history should be treated as "news" and he writes it like that, forgetting that today's "news" is dead in twenty-four hours. The books of history, which defy time, live not because of a journalistic style, for they never have that, but because they are literature.

"Water waits to give to you the gift of strength," sings the Pawnee. Professor Wrong first turned the imagination of the philosophical historian to the great rivers of this continent. Frederick Jackson Turner's original contribution to the study of history was the significance of the frontier in our whole social and political development, its part in making the American spirit. Biggar, and other Canadians, have shown us how the fur trade on these shores sprang from the fish trade. All these are stimulating ideas, and it is pleasant to meet them again in Mr. Greenbie's book. We might have had more profit, as well as pleasure, if he had halted the floating typewriter long enough to digest these ideas and then, by some original thoughts about them, had made them, in a sense, his own.

In treating the American fur trade as an expansion of the European, the American frontier life as "only an extension overseas of the life on the European frontier," he gives a good deal of interesting information. Historians will hardly accept his conclusions, or the premise laid down in the above quotation. He speaks of "the frontier background of Europe and the great migratory and racial movements of which America was only a part." Aside from the ambiguity of the sentence, can we properly speak of "great migratory and racial movements" in England, Spain, and France at the time when colonists were coming from these countries to the western world? The shipping ports of Normandy were not "frontier" then, any more than the port of New York is today. He even connects the Greenland voyages to America with furs. No Greenlander needs go from home for furs! It was timber the Greenlanders needed and brought back, as the *Icelandic Annals* tell us. The way in which the Norse episode is treated is symptomatic of the whole book. In one chapter Mr. Greenbie says the Norsemen may have reached America; in another later one he says they did, and traded for furs (evidently he had been directed meanwhile to the Flat Island Saga). He omits Leif's name. He says the Norsemen "even went as far as Greenland, so named in the hope that 'men would be the more readily persuaded thither if the land had a good name'; and thither sailed Eric the Red. . . ." In the same number of words he could have stated the fact that it was Erik who named and colonized Greenland.

* * *

Whatever may be the "news" value of such a chapter heading as "Zions and Sodoms in the Wilderness" it belongs to a particular type of bunk of which some of us are particularly tired. The marital relations of white men with Indian women were lived in conformance with the Indian code, which was the law of the land. They do not inspire flippant comment from writers who understand the conditions of wilderness life and who know that the customs of the Red Men, while different from ours, were quite as rigid. Like most flashy headlines, this one belies the story under it. Those, who are lured by it, will find themselves cheated of the promised smut. While unsympathetic to Mr. Chesterton's little school of entranced medievalists, this reviewer objects to the adjective "masochistic" applied to the missionaries martyred by the Iroquois.

Mr. Greenbie floats by too swiftly to see, in true perspective, these men to whom the soul, heaven, and the passion of the cross were more real and substantial than the flesh that felt the flames. And where did he pick up the notion that the Indians lived in "single families" and were rendered "timid" by the "forces of Nature"? Custer did not find them timid on the Little Big Horn; and when the Iroquois braves emerged from their Long Houses they did not create that impression. In common with ourselves and all other people who have evolved a culture without losing fear, they had developed a religion for protection from evil. Ignorance and timidity are relative; in their own world the Indians manifested courage and competence. The Hudson's Bay Company was negligible as a motivating factor in the Seven Years War, which ended the French fur monopoly by wresting Canada from France. David Thompson on the Columbia was not "racing" the Astorians; he was exploring and mapping so that his employers, the Nor'westers, could base demands for a charter on their contributions to science. With the discoveries of Frazer, Mackenzie, and Thompson, they had a strong case; for their rival, the H.B.C., had neglected this duty to the crown. Loose generalizations and rhetoric are irritating in a book of history. The writing of history requires close reasoning from facts assembled in an orderly manner.

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

ODDS and ends of anecdote about Charles M. Barras, author of "The Black Crook," have been drifting to us in the mail. The following letter arrives from Chicago:—

As a collector of American humor I have found a few scraps about Charles M. Barras, author of the old play "The Black Crook."

Barras was one of those lesser lights in early American humor soon eclipsed by Artemus Ward. In 1855-6 Barras was a Cincinnati newspaper man, presumably on the *Commercial*, and acted also as the Cincinnati correspondent of the New York *Spirit of the Times*, the leading sporting-humorous weekly of the decade. My information is taken from the files of the *Spirit*, which forms a part of my collection of early American humor.

Barras was particularly fond of perpetrating literary hoaxes on Cincinnati editors by mailing pseudonymous letters from towns near-by, in the manner of the Artemus Ward showman letters soon to appear in the Cleveland P. D. Over the pseudonym "Adolphus Logfellow Muggins" he wrote much humorous verse, hitting at the follies of the day, including a parody on "Hiawatha." To the *Spirit* Barras wrote letters, newsy sketches always in the light humorous sporting vein of doings of the "b'hoys" about Cincinnati.

Here's the story of how "Muggins" became actor and tried his hand at play writing (*Spirit of the Times*, 1855, p. 487, in a letter from Cincinnati):

"In the height of cold weather last winter when the poor were suffering from intense cold and hunger a project was set on foot to get up an amateur Dramatic Festival the proceeds to be appropriated to the suffering poor. A number of our most prominent citizens volunteered, among them our friend "Charley." The night came, the house was crammed in every corner (the receipts $5,000). Never was a better entertainment offered by amateurs. Every one played his part well, but general acclamation divided the honors between Mr. Charles Anderson, who played Hamlet most excellently, and Mr. Charles M. Barras, who played Sir Edward Mortimer in the library scene in "The Iron Chest," and afterwards gave some imitations, among others a wandering Swiss girl with her organ and dogs. Charley was called before the curtain and his extempore speech was the feature of the night. . . . Well, Charley went home, went to bed, 'to sleep, perchance to dream'. . . . Got up next morning, dreamed all that day and all that week that he was acting. A few weeks afterward a friend was taken very ill; his life despaired of. Charley repaired to his bedside and never left it day or night, but for a few moments at a time. While his friend slept Barras would pick up any little scraps of paper that came his way and scribble them over. After a while his thoughts began to take a design, and his scribblings to assume a shape (the idea suggested by seeing the different kinds of medicine on the table). By the time his friend was out of danger, "Muggins" had written a comedietta and called it "The Hypochondriac." A few days afterwards he spoke of it to Bates. Bates wanted to read the manuscript, was delighted with it, wanted it. But who was to play it? He had no one who he thought could do it justice. A thought struck Charley; he remembered the footlights, the paper crowns, the big swords, and all that sort of thing. He'd play it himself—just what Bates wanted. Next day there was announced in big letters on the bills a new farce by C. M. Barras, esq., principal part., Mr. Vertigo Morbid, by the author. Night came, the house was full. Mr. Barras appeared for the second time in his life before a public assemblage; he was received with deafing appeals of welcome and he kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter from the commencement of the piece till the fall of the curtain. . . ."

Here follows the story of the success of the piece on the road; then another story how Barras "sold" Barnum at "half-price," and as the correspondent ("Larkin") suggests Barnum did not often get the worst of it.

It would be interesting to know if Barras and Artemus Ward knew each other. That is not unlikely, as Ward was at that time in the vicinity of Cincinnati.

I am especially interested in the period 1830-60 and shall be glad to hear from persons interested in American humor, particularly of this period.

FRANKLIN J. MEINE.

1422 N. La Salle Street, Chicago.

* * *

We felt sure that sooner or later "The Cradle of the Deep" by Joan Lowell would become a subject of controversy. Alfred Loomis, well known yachtsman and deep water sailor, writes to our Maritime Department as follows:—

I can gen'ally take my sea literature as I find it, but when the Book of the Month Club, William McFee, Captain Riesenberg, and Simon & Schuster endorse a book I tackle it with a suspicious eye for the very reason that I know I shouldn't.

"The Cradle of the Deep" is what I'm animadverting against.

I don't go so far as to claim that Miss Joan Lowell's story is synthetic, but I do claim that for a gal who lived thirteen or sixteen years (she claims both periods) on a sailing ship she knows precious little about seamanship or navigation. In the matter of navigation she says on page 167 that "By latitude and longitude I can locate a spot on the ocean as accurately as a landlubber can find 42nd Street and Broadway." In the same paragraph she allows that she looked up Pitcairn Island on the chart and found it in Latitude 23 degrees S. and Longitude 120 degrees W. The lamentable fact (which I have verified from Bowditch) is that Pitcairn is in Latitude 25 degrees S. and Longitude 130 degrees W. On the preceding page, having given her position as 300 miles southeast of New Zealand, Miss Lowell quotes her father as saying, "We'll sail due East, Mr. Swanson, and try and make Pitcairn." And lo and behold they did make it. But if they had really sailed due East they'd have gone some 2000 miles and passed 1500 miles south of Pitcairn Island. Perhaps in telling her story the lady had in mind Bounty Island, which I see from the chart is not far from the coast of New Zealand.

In the matter of seamanship I would ask someone who knows more about sailing than I do to parse the passage on page 60 beginning "I heard the topsails aloft begin to flap," and ending "With a slapping crash the boom went over to the port tack." The best I can make of the maneuver described between those two sentences is that the ship jibed while in stays. If jibing while in stays isn't a lost art I want to learn it.

And now I come to the chapter about the water spout which might have been written by a ghost-writer who had never seen a schooner. It is a dull tropic afternoon when Father sights a water spout. He orders in the fore, main, and mizzen, but leaves the spanker standing. This is contrary to the usual custom, since the spanker, which is the largest sail, is taken in first. Father also tells the crew to "Sheet in the jibs," but I find that instead of sheeting them they take them in. Perhaps that is what is meant. After that the wind begins to hum viciously from leeward. That direction thereupon becomes to windward—but the lady continues to speak of it as "to leeward." Father orders his daughter to "Pull in the tackle." She knew what he meant and grabbed "half of the spanker boom tackle and tried to sheet in its slack." (Which half? What does she mean?) The excitement grows intense. "Still the ship went forward, the current and wind taking us ahead at the rate of two knots an hour with no sails up, except the truant spanker." (It is a fact that with only the spanker set the ship would be heading into the wind. If she moved at all she would be going stern first.) At this time Swede was lashing down the main boom. (What for?) More excitement. Then on page 182 Father did a thing that no sane navigator would do under ordinary conditions and threw the ship into the belly of the swells. (Where did the sails come from in the twinkling of an eye? How could father swing the ship with no sail set but the spanker? What is the "belly" of a swell? Why did Father want to swing the ship at all if it was his intention to lower the spanker?) Page 183, a description (I suppose) of the spanker sheet, is too fantastic for criticism, being a pure flight of imaginative art; but on page 184 Father orders his harried crew to chop away the jaws of the spanker boom. When, I ask, did a boom have jaws? If it had them what good would it do to chop them away? Fortunately Nelson had found his way back along the boom, holding on to the leachings of the sail. (Leachings is a word not included in my nautical dictionary. If the leach of the sail is meant I am amazed that he was able to find his way along the boom while holding on to the leach.) By herculean efforts the nonexistent jaws of the boom were hacked away and the boom fell into the sea, but still the ship went forward. (Or backward.) How much simpler it would have been if Father instead of ordering this complicated maneuver had let go the halliards and lowered the sail! But then Father got his rifle after lashing the wheel. (Why bother to lash it when all the sails were by this time taken in, sheeted home, or dropped overboard? If, that is, the spanker did go overboard with the boom.) And then he shoots the spout and BUSTS IT WITH A RIFLE!

Well, well, well. Why all the commotion sheeting in jibs, getting men's elbows caught between the couplings of the freight cars, and attacking the spars with crowbars (which are such useful implements on prairie schooners) if a few shots from a rifle will dissipate a water spout?

I ask you these questions, Chris, because I have been writing to your Marine Department for nearly ten years, and because you know how anxious I am to learn about that old Debbil the sea. If you haven't the time to answer them, will you kindly put me in touch with Dr. Traprock?

ALFRED F. LOOMIS.

* * *

Some day, I hope, there may be opportunity to write at length about the ardors and endurances behind the recent opening of "The Black Crook." Perhaps there was an unanticipated omen in the painting of the hour glasses (symbolic of the Three Hours for Lunch Club) on each side of the proscenium at the old Lyric Theatre. It struck me as odd that none of the critics who commented on the length of the piece were struck by the humor of those six hour-glasses. The curtain went up at 9.10, and fell at 1.35. Even so, the original running time of the iridescent old spectacle was beaten by better than an hour; for the Niblo's Garden opening in 1866 went from 7.45 to 1.15. Let me add that having satisfied themselves by playing it once exactly as done in 1866, the Young Producers have cut it to normal running time (8.30 to 11.15). But they wanted to show that the Theatre Guild is not the only outfit that can produce a show 4½ hours long.

That opening night will not soon be forgotten. Those who had to leave did so, reluctantly, towards *midnight*. Patrons from upstairs came down and filled the gaps. The congregation of the faithful began to realize that something rather amusingly memorable was happening; the final hour was more enthusiastic than any preceding part of the evening. About 2 o'clock the cheerful throng had distributed itself in neighboring hostelries for coffee and scrambled eggs and dancing. It was 5 in the morning before the last echoes of The Black Crook had died away from Hoboken. I think Mr. Barras would have been pleased. I wish he had lived long enough to see Ta ra ra Boomdeay!

Of the excitements and fatigues preceding the show there is not yet time to speak—of the anxieties of building the trap-doors; how Miss Cox, who plays Stalacta, fell asleep standing up at one of the final rehearsals after long waiting in the cellar for the trap-door to be finished (she dared not sit down for fear of wrinkling the famous tights)—how the chorus slept in the boxes during the final days of rehearsal—how the head carpenter, after three nights continuous work, passed into nescience tools still in hand, and was covered with a sheet and garlands by his colleagues and lay in state like a Roman emperor; how one of the managers, taking a bath to revive himself just before the opening, fell asleep in the tub and was nearly drowned—these are just hasty memoranda of a matter that must some day be discussed in the tender backward of time.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Aging Radical

SOUVENIR. By FLOYD DELL. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

FLOYD DELL writes well, and—like the rest of us—writes best when writing about himself. His latest novel is tinctured with so strong a flavor of autobiography—though no doubt the material has been "arranged" so as to avoid hurt feelings and direct confessions—that it must be ranked among his best writings. In it he summons up those snows of yesteryear, the radicalism of pre-Volsteadian Greenwich Village, and distils some acrid philosophy from their ghostly flakes.

His novel deals with Felix Fay, a radical young newspaperman from Chicago who had come to New York to write a play, and had, instead, been divorced by his first wife. Deprived of the comforts of matrimony, and bereft of his son who remains with his mother, Felix had written a series of successful plays. He had married again and had moved to Connecticut, where he begat two daughters and wrote plays and was a pillar of suburban society. Then he happened to meet the mother of his son, who decided that it was time for Felix and Prentiss to see something of each other. The rest of Mr. Dell's novel concerns itself with the experiences and reactions of young Prentiss, who is no Utopian idealist, but bourgeois, and who very self-consciously goes and settles in the Village, that world of "simplicity, bravery, and sincerity," and prepares to be the "compleat radical."

Mr. Dell has handled his theme effectively and, in the course of a polite comedy of manners and morals, has contrived to set forth a few shrewd *aperçus* on life and sex. "The trouble," he says, "with inventing a new and purely personal morality is that it gets so damn' complicated. The traditional morality is simpler—if one can stick to it." And we all owe him our thanks for letting one of his characters warn us as to the meaning of companionate marriage—or should one say, multilateral matrimony?

I tell you, companionate marriage is a trap, intended to lure young men into fatherhood. Listen! They are young, enjoying their freedom, not at all inclined to settle down to the job of being a husband. So they are told "You need not support the girl—she will keep on working. There will be no babies for a long time—none, if you don't want them. In fact," he is told, "this is not a real marriage at all. The gate remains open—you can walk out whenever you wish. Why not come in and see how you like it?" So the deluded young man comes in. And—all that is necessary to turn this modern arrangement into the most old-fashioned marriage is—what? For the girl to find that she is going to have a baby after all. Watch and see—that is what will happen. It is a trap, I tell you, invented by bourgeois moralists. It seems very modern, very advanced—but in ten years the preachers and the women's clubs will all be for it!

There is nothing in "Souvenir" to shock the most fastidious. It is what is called a "clean book." Floyd Dell thinks clearly and writes without self-consciousness. What he has to say is not over-profound, but it is perfectly true, and the whole is savored with that precious salt of radical inquiry which turns what would have been a tragedy to Mr. Harold Bell Wright, into a calmly ironic study of the aging radical, face to face with his youth.

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Beyond Physics

"ENOUGH of this talk about monkeys and species; let us get down to fundamentals, to things that really matter." It was with some such words as these that in 1865 the Scotchman, Hutcheson Sterling, a fundamentalist in philosophy, prefaced his book on "The Secret of Hegel." The work was designed to stem the rising tide of evolutionary materialism; and it succeeded to the extent that it introduced German idealism into the universities of Scotland and England and afforded a rallying point against Darwinism for philosophers and theologians.

And now nearly two thirds of a century later we are confronted with a somewhat analogous situation. Huxley and the bishops are dead, but John Watson and the parsons of Tennessee and Arkansas are living and lively; and in place of the solemn followers of Herbert Spencer's synthetic philosophy there are the hordes of behaviorists, pragmatists, Freudians, and Marxians, who rejecting the kingdom of God, are actuated by an ardent faith that it can come on earth as it is not in Heaven. Behind these not always harmonious groups of anti-intellectual revolutionaries there are the well-organized armies of biological, psychological, and social science who lend the benevolent but non-partisan support of their expert knowledge to the new attempts to humanize the world on the basis of a philosophy of mechanistic evolution. In all countries, but more particularly in our own, cultural trends have been organized with respect to the Darwinian revolution of two generations ago. Directly or indirectly serious talk has been motivated by monkeys and species, and the plebeian past of man and his works.

But now there are signs that a new era is coming, an era of counter-revolution in which theology gains a new handmaid and returns to power. In this new era, if the signs are not mistaken, there will be a radical reorientation of cultural interests, and the centre of the stage on which human concerns are enacted will be occupied neither by the idealistic philosophy of eighteenth century Germany nor by the materialistic biology of nineteenth century England, but by the mathematical physics of the whole world of today and tomorrow.

Why physics of all sciences should be destined to displace from the focus of human interest the more humanistic inquiries into the nature of life and mind, is a long story. It is fortunately a story that has just been told and told with as much beauty as one could wish and with more clearness than one could hope for in "The Nature of the Physical World," by A. S. Eddington, Plumian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge, and Gifford Lecturer on Philosophy for the year 1927.

When a scientist of the first rank stoops to expound for the benefit of the lay reader the most recent and recondite theories in his own field, it is an event. And when the author is, as in this case, not only a scientist and expounder of science but a Christian mystic who interprets the philosophic significance and defends the religious implications of his austere formulas, things may be expected to happen; and they do. The book is really gorgeous.

* * *

The new physics is not the science of dead matter; for "dead matter" is dead, and something that is much too lively for comfort, at least for intellectual comfort, has taken its place. The ancient physics of the nineteenth century described a world of hard little particles moving separately and in clusters varying in size all the way from molecules to stars. The motions of these particles were regulated by simple forces of attraction and repulsion which varied inversely as the square of the distance, and which they exerted on one another. The space in which the particles carried on was of the homely variety known as Euclidian. It was infinite in all directions; but its appalling bigness was offset by its simplicity. Moreover, it was filled with an invisible, continuous, motionless substance called ether, which carried the waves of light from star to star and atom to atom. Through this quiet ocean all material bodies swam like fishes. And by clever experiments, like that of Michelson and Morley with light waves, the direction and speed with which our planet and the whole solar system were really moving with respect to the motionless ether could be discovered. In this universe there was of course not only space and matter and energy, but also infinite time which was independent of space and even simpler in its nature. In fact, this old-fashioned time was so very simple and obvious that it did not need to be talked about.

Matter and energy were distinct entities and each remained constant in its quantity through all changes of quality. And in addition to this first great law of the conservation of matter and energy, there was a second law, that described an irreversible, or one-way, tendency in all processes. According to this law, named variously the Dissipation of Energy, the Second Law of Thermo-dynamics, the Increase of Entropy, matter always tended to concentrate itself, and energy to scatter itself. Thus when two bodies were attracted toward each other and collided, they would bounce away; but they did not bounce away quite as fast as they came together. Some of their motion or energy was imparted first to the particles composing them and later to the ether surrounding them, where in the form of waves of light or radiant heat, it scattered ever outward. The ultimate result to be expected was a dénouement in which all the matter should be concentrated in a lifeless lump and all the energy degraded to the form of radiation, expanding forever over the shoreless sea of empty ether. The old world thus seemed to be running down. And if it had had all eternity in which to run down it was (and still is) something of a problem as to why its dismal end had not yet been attained.

* * *

This nineteenth century universe was an intelligible universe, but the things that have happened to it in the last thirty years are terrible. First came the Theory of Relativity which has disrupted the old world as a whole, changing its size and basic structure beyond all recognition; second, the Quantum Theory which has not only disrupted the atomic parts of the universe, but threatens to destroy the law of casuality itself within those tiny regions and to substitute for it a scheme of primary anarchy and indeterminism, not incompatible with certain secondary and statistical regularities in the world at large.

We may begin with relativity as the better known, though less devastating of the revolutions. First Michelson and Morley failed to discover that motion of the earth through a fixed ether which there was every reason to suppose they could find. Their apparatus was so perfect and their methods so sound that their failure was taken to mean that velocity through the ether was not only undiscovered but undiscoverable. And it is one of the rules of science, or at least of present-day science, that a thing physically undiscoverable is a thing that does not physically exist. The ether through which bodies move with a definite velocity was, then, to be regarded as non-existent.

More followed, when Einstein propounded an idea that was perhaps the most extraordinary in the whole history of science. "Let us pretend," he said, "that a light flash, which always moves at 186,000 miles a second, will always pass every other thing at the same speed, whether the other things are themselves moving towards its source, or away from it, or just standing still." If this new postulate about light does not seem queer, try to imagine the mayor's automobile traveling in such a way that when it was going either north or south on Main Street it passed at the same relative speed all the other unequally moving and oppositely moving cars, as well as those parked by the side-walk. This would seem absurd. And if it should be discovered that the people in the other cars reported that the mayor's car had passed them at the standard rate of speed, this would arouse your curiosity and make you suspect that something was wrong with the new speedometers installed in each car and specially designed for measuring its speed relative to other cars instead of the speed relative to the road, as in the old-fashioned speedometers.

Your suspicion would be quickly confirmed, for if from your own car you could examine with a kind of spy-glass the clocks and measuring rods comprising these new instruments, you would find that their measures of time and space went slower and faster and contracted and expanded in a uniform but ridiculous fashion, so that it was no wonder they always reported that the mayor's car passed them at the same speed. Your new comfort would be of only brief duration, however, because you would find on comparing notes that each driver claimed to have discovered that all other cars including your own were wrong as to their speedometers, excepting only those that were at rest with him or running at the same rate beside him. In this situation some one might come to the rescue with the suggestion that you should assume that there is no fixed road and no absolute space or time with respect to which all instruments except one's own are wrong, but that space and time are nothing but the records of the instruments. So that instead of the drivers contradicting one another as to their speeds with respect to a road which, being undiscoverable (like the ether), could be assumed not to exist, they ought all to agree to take the mayor's speed in place of the road as the standard for measuring one another's speeds. At first it would all seem queer and complicated but after a little while the rules for estimating the deviations of the instruments in the different cars and correlating them would become familiar and simple, and then new things would be discovered.

This little fable illustrates the Special Theory of Relativity. First, postulate that the velocity of light shall be always the same with respect to any moving system. Then, in order to make the implications of this postulate self-consistent, make a second postulate, to the effect that space-distances and time-intervals in differently moving systems increase and decrease according to how they move. Believe, in short, not that space and time are absolute and velocity variable, but that one velocity, the velocity of light, is absolute, and space and time variable and measurable with reference to it. Then thirdly, in order to make this second postulate intelligible, adopt a third postulate to the effect that space and time intervals are not real apart from the instruments that record them, so that when you describe them as lengthening or shortening, curving or kinking, you are only referring to certain comparisons between the readings of rulers and clocks on one system with similar, but different, readings on another system.

* * *

This theory of Special Relativity was, as we know, extended or generalized by Einstein so as to apply not only to relative *uniform* motions but to relative *accelerated* motions. The results have been amazing. Space and time are not only relative to the bodies and motions by which they are measured, they are relative to one another, so that instead of a three-dimensional *space* in which matter is contained, and a one-dimensional *time* in which changes are contained, we have a single four-dimensional continum of "space-time." This space-time is an inseparable aspect of mass and energy, which are themselves inter-dependent aspects of the same thing. While the *time* aspect continues to be regarded as infinite, the *space* aspect is finite though boundless. It is as if the material world were curved in a fourth dimension around into itself after the manner in which a plane is curved in a third dimension around into itself to make the surface of a sphere. The new physicists, however, warn us, sometimes sternly and sometimes querulously, not to take this analogy too literally. If we did take it literally we should naturally ask what interesting mysteries (psychic or even theistic) lay inside our four-dimensional hypersphere and what other possible universes might lie outside of it. And to raise any such questions in polite scientific circles is regarded as the height of bad form.

Thus we may tentatively imagine our universe as the three-dimensional curved "surface" of a hypersphere whose distance around is perhaps not much more than a billion trillion miles. If you traveled in a straight line due north, never deviating up or down or east or west, you would finally return home. This will remind us that the new universe is neo-Ptolemaic, larger in size, but even more hopelessly finite than the world of pre-Copernican days. But we must subtract from this image any thought of inside or outside and conceive of it merely as a skin, finite in extent, yet with *nothing*, not even empty space, either within or without. I suppose that the

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by William P. Montague

reason for this harsh limitation is that no measuring rod could be directed toward the inside or outside of the three-dimensional "skin." And according to the new physics what cannot be measured cannot physically exist.

A particularly interesting feature of this queer new world is that the velocity of light is not only an absolute, but a maximum velocity, even though finite, viz., 186,000 miles a second. Any body moving at that velocity would acquire an infinite mass, while at the same time shrinking to the thickness of a shadow; and if it could move faster than light we do not know what would happen to its infinitesimal thickness and its infinite mass, but we do know what would happen to its dates, for if a body could so move (only of course it couldn't) it would get back into the world of last Thursday. This situation is immortalized in a little limerick told to the writer by Miss May Sinclair, but whether her own or not I do not know:

> There was a young lady named Bright
> Whose speed was much faster than light;
> She eloped one fine day,
> In a *Relative way*,
> And got back on the previous night.

Fortunately for us the question raised is not even an academic issue, since the scientists who are responsible for this sort of thing will warn us that to say that an ordinary body like Miss Bright would move into the past if it went faster than light is merely a rather dangerous and misleading way of saying that it won't and can't move faster than light, or even, for that matter, as fast. Speeds greater than light and their consequences are in the same category as the inside and outside of the Einsteinian hyper-sphere. It is simply not polite to talk about them.

A more serious phase of the new theory in its generalized form is that it enables us to conceive the three-dimensional "skin" of the non-existent hypersphere as not only curved into itself but as covered more or less thickly with hummocks and slopes, which appear to us as matter and fields of force. The old world of flat Euclidian space, full of ungeometrical things like bodies and forces, has been transformed into a purely geometrical world in which non-Euclidian kinks and curvatures replace the alien intruders. As Descartes, by a great feat of mathematical genius, translated the concepts of Euclidian geometry into those of algebra, and gave us analytic geometry, Einstein, inspired perhaps by a suggestion of Clifford, has translated the categories of mechanics into the categories of a non-Euclidian geometry.

* * *

Eddington has told at length and with great beauty the story that I have here briefly, though not, I hope, inaccurately summarized. It was the first of the great revolutions in modern physics and it is by now so welcome and familiar to the great majority of scientists that, by contrast with the quantum theory, it seems almost commonplace, a mere appendix to the so-called "classical" physics of the nineteenth century.

So far as I can discover, Eddington draws no theological conclusions from the theory of relativity, except the following: The peculiar transformation of space and time from the great forms and frames within which things exist to the interrelated network of pointer-readings on our measuring-rods and clocks, gives to the world of the new science a symbolic and shadowy character which the old world lacked. And the more shadowy the material universe becomes the more the need for inferring a reality beyond it.

It is the formal perfection of the relativity theory rather than any information afforded by it about nature that opens the gates to theological hopes. The laws of physics appear as truisms rather than truths —that is, logical implications of postulates already adopted. The physicist is compared by Eddington to an old College Bursar who is entirely occupied with his accounts and has no intercourse with the outside world save to accept the reports of financial transactions and systematize them. Studying carefully his beloved ledgers he discovers one day the great law of nature, *that the debits just equal the credits.*

I cannot leave the subject without making a confession that is of no importance except to myself. *I do not believe that the fundamental postulate of relativity is true.* I do not believe that a light flash or anything else that moves with a finite and constant velocity can pass differently and oppositely moving bodies at the same relative speed. But I can entertain the belief that the instruments at our disposal are so constituted that they will record a constant speed for light passing through our system no matter how that system may move with respect to the source of light. If we wish to *pretend,* or postulate, that the limitation of our measuring ability is a limitation of nature and then reinterpret the meanings of space and time to make them consistent with this postulate, we can do it and so derive the special theory of relativity.

The Quantum Theory, which is the second of the great revolutions in physics, is quite different from, and in a sense opposite to, that of relativity. It is not a case of our thrusting upon nature the peculiar behavior of our metric instruments but of nature thrusting upon us, in the form of concrete experience, data which seem impossible to reduce to any rational scheme.

* * *

In his earlier book, "Space, Time, and Gravitation," Eddington referred to the quantum affair as being, just because of its anti-rational character, the only case in which we were confronted with an objective law of nature rather than a subjective form or necessity of our own minds,—an attitude that reminds us of the *Credo quia absurdum* of Tertullian.

I think it was in 1900 that Professor Max Planck of Berlin discovered that waves of radiant energy do not vary continuously and so take on all possible values. Of the infinity of possible frequencies only a comparatively small number actually occur. Thus an atom receiving and emitting light-waves is like a man who refuses to receive or to spend any money except dimes or integral multiples of dimes. Curiously enough, it turns out that while the different kinds of atom give out different amounts of energy, the *product* of the energy emitted and the *frequency* or vibration period of that energy is the same for all atoms. This constant quantity which comes from multiplying energy by time, is the *"quantum of action."* Its symbol is *h* and its value is .00,000,000-000,000,000,000,000,655, or 6.55.10-27, which we can pronounce in American terminology "six hundred and fifty-five nonillionths of an erg second," where an "erg" is the amount of energy possessed by a mass of only one gram moving at the velocity of only one centimeter a second. This Lilliputian absolute is the smallest thing in the world and it has made the biggest trouble in all history. For it has not only defied the laws of classical physics and shattered to bits the seemingly satisfactory conception of the atom as a minute solar system composed of units of positive and negative electricity, which was invented by Bohr in the first quarter of the twentieth century, but, what is much worse, in its later developments it has brought science face to face with the astounding possibility of abandoning the very principle of causality itself and admitting that the ultimate realities of the physical world are unimaginable "somewhats" which do what they do without rhyme or reason. *In short, at the heart of nature, in the inmost recesses of the tiny spaces once occupied by atoms, there are indeterminate happenings, events that have no cause.* As Eddington puts it, after stating his theory about the network of observable and measurable results of the unimaginable mystery,—

Something unknown is doing, we don't know what—that is what our theory amounts to. It does not sound a particularly illuminating theory. I have read something like it elsewhere—

> *The slighty toves*
> *Did gyre and gimble in the wabe.*

There is the same suggestion of activity. There is the same indefiniteness as to the nature of the activity and of what it is that is acting. And yet from so unpromising a beginning we really do get somewhere. The reason—the sole reason—for this progress is that *numbers* are scattered freely in the description. Eight slithy toves gyre and gimble in the oxygen wabe, seven in nitrogen. By admitting a few numbers even Jaberwocky may become scientific.

Suppose we grant that physics has got itself into a jam, the very worst in its whole long career from Archimedes to Einstein. Does that mean anything to theology?

There are two ways in which theologians can use science to support their faith: They can appeal to its *successes* or they can appeal to its *failures.* Eddington makes a curious and characteristically original use of both methods. Relativity is so successful that it gives a shadowy world of mere metrical symbols, whose truths are truisms which cry out to be supplemented by a reality richer than themselves. On the other hand, the quantum leads us to the brink of a baffling mystery within which we can dimly descry an indeterminate spontaneity congruent with that freedom of the will demanded by conscience and attested by inner experience. Old Epicurus declared that the atoms occasionally *swerved* indeterminately from their mechanically-ordered paths and thus furnished the basis for human free will. Generations of philosophers have smiled patronizingly at his crudity, but at last perhaps the tables are turned and his day has come. For in the Schroedinger waves which now occupy the tiny spaces so recently filled by the Bohr atoms, the Epicurean "*swerve*" has returned with a vengeance and Chance reigns in place of Law.

Whether you take the successes of science or its as yet unsolved puzzles as your point of departure for the realm of religion there is one high road over which you will be likely to travel. It is the high road of what is technically called "Pan-psychism." *As our physical brains are to the conscious minds that throb within them so is any material structure or particle to the "mind-stuff" that must constitute its real and inner nature.* It is this philosophic theory, held in very diverse forms by Spinoza and Leibnitz and by Schopenhauer, Fechner, and Clifford, to which Eddington subscribes and which he uses as a philosophic bridge to span the gap between his physical science and his mystical religion. The theory in itself does not take us very far. For even if we admit that stones and stars have an inner psychic nature, yet to judge by their apparently dumb and mechanical behavior the mind-stuff that we are ascribing to them is no more morally edifying than their outer or bodily aspects. But when this pan-psychist theory is supplemented, as it is by Eddington, with a religious experience of spiritual reality that is as vivid and direct as his experience of beauty or of humor, the hypothesis takes on a richer significance. The philosophy of a former day could bake no bread, though it could, so we were told, give us God, Freedom, and Immortality. The philosophy of today has in general more in common with our bakeries than with our temples, for it is founded on the materialistic sciences of yesterday. It will be strange if Eddington turns out to be right, and if the new physics with its concepts of Entropy, Relativity, and Quanta is destined not only to increase our mastery of earth but also to restore the old and dangerous hope for something beyond.

William Pepperell Montague, author of the foregoing article, is professor of philosophy in Columbia University. He was chairman of the delegation of the American Philosophical Association to the International Congress of Philosophy in Oxford in 1920, *and is a member of various learned societies. In* 1925 *he published a volume entitled "The Ways of Knowing or the Methods of Philosophy (Macmillan). His present article is based upon a consideration of A. S. Eddington's "Nature of the Physical World" (Macmillan), a brilliant presentation of the findings and implications of the new physics.*

"Artifex," writing in an English newspaper, says: "It needs a rare combination of qualities to write or speak simply on difficult and technical subjects. There must be first of all a complete understanding of the subject-matter, so that a man is utterly and completely at home in it. Then there must be the constant realization of the fact that what has become second nature to the speaker is utterly strange and unfamiliar to his audience. And, thirdly, there must be the possession of a clear, orderly mind and of its natural fruit, a clear and lucid style."

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Books of Special Interest

The Stormy Petrel of the Indies

BARTOLOMÉ DE LAS CASAS, "Father of the Indians." By MARCEL BRION. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by LESLEY BYRD SIMPSON

AMERICAN hagiography has recently been enriched by another biography of that remarkable character, Bartolomé de Las Casas. This book is, in some respects, extraordinary. In it M. Brion has not descended to such outworn devices of musty scholarship as footnotes and citations, but has skilfully concealed his facts under the colorful art of the novelist, and the reader is carried on unaware that he is learning anything. This is, beyond a doubt, the new history. For instance, what sobersides of the old school would have had the courage to say right off, on the first page, writing of America: "Rivers, wide as seas, rolled up precious metals?" Then turn to the next page:

> The promises of the fantastic Admiral had been fulfilled an hundredfold. He had discovered a country where gold was the commonest metal. The natives covered the roofs of their temples with it, used it in paving the streets, and had laughed at seeing the sailors fill their pockets with such ordinary pebbles.

And so on. The result is that the unwary reader, dazzled by such pictures, is in danger of accepting several things in M. Brion's book which are, strictly speaking, not quite accurate. Now it is written that once in every generation some one rediscovers that old standby of scandal-mongers, the "Brief Relation of the Destruction of the Indies," by Bartolomé de Las Casas. Since 1552 every foreigner who has felt an urge to expose the awfulness of the Spaniards has seized upon the hair-raising revelations of Las Casas and told the world about it. So with M. Brion. It is no doubt salutary for the Spaniards to be reminded once in a while of what a hard lot their ancestors were, but it is usually ignored by these writers that the "Brief Relation" was written as a deliberate piece of propaganda in support of the Dominican reforms in the government of the Indies. It has been repeatedly exposed for its libellous falsehoods, most recently by Manuel Serrano y Sanz in his "Orígenes de la Dominación Española" (Madrid, 1918). But M. Brion weaves the "Brief Relation" into the very stuff of his book, with scarcely a suggestion of criticism.

No doubt, too, it is legitimate for a biographer to employ distortion, but is it not going beyond the limit of strict necessity to reconstruct the Spanish empire of the sixteenth century with Las Casas as centerpiece? Must we believe that every time a certain noisy monk opened his mouth governors, viceroys, kings, stopped, looked, and listened? The plain fact seems to be that in his day Las Casas was looked upon as an intolerable nuisance, even by his brother missionaries, and that he did more harm than rampageous reformers usually do, being incredibly thick-skinned and pertinacious.

And why insist that Las Casas was a much persecuted man? A man of tremendous staying power, inordinately fond of a row, he spent the greater part of his ninety-three years pounding his adversaries, and had the not inconsiderable satisfaction of beating most of them. Posterity, moreover, has accepted him at his own valuation—no small one—and now he is in a fair way to becoming canonized. What more could a man ask? Can't we have a saint without making him a martyr?

M. Brion, too, has an original formula for biography. The twenty-two most active years of Las Casas's life as a missionary he disposes of in two pages, although it happens that these years (1517-1539), are fairly well documented and of unusual interest. On the other hand, M. Brion devotes a good third of his book to a summary of the dull and footless tracts written by Las Casas against the exploitation of the Indians. Footless, because all the talk in the world could have made very little difference in the hard fact, which was that every part of the Spanish colonial empire, the government, the church, the laity, was dependent in the end upon the forced labor of the Indians. Every law or ordinance that ignored that lamentable fact was still-born, as were those clauses of the reform laws of 1543 generally credited to Las Casas.

Our author has the annoying trick of scrambling foreign names in a fashion which must be confusing to anyone unfamiliar with the field. Thus Toribio de Benevente, nicknamed "Motolinía," becomes "Torribio de Motalma." In "Robinson" we are expected to recognize William Robertson, the historian. Santiago de Cuba has a strange look as "Santiago de Fernandina." Blasco Núñez Vela, the first viceroy of Peru, is metamorphosed into "Vaca de Castro," with unpardonable insouciance as to the identity of either gentleman. In the same vein is M. Brion's description of the government of the native towns: "They have municipal houses with *concièrges* who meet twice a week; there they administer justice . . . ." This may be an original translation of the Spanish *concejal*—councilman. It may bear looking into.

M. Brion carries his biographer's license still farther in his handling of chronology and geography. Thus Las Casas's stay of three weeks at Cumaná on the Pearl Coast, done in the radiant colors of the new history, becomes: "He traversed almost the entire continent of South America." Las Casas's first sight of Mexico was in 1531, yet: "He was . . . an eager crusader against the Mexican armies, and the hideous priests of the Plumed Serpent." Madrid, it will be recalled, was not established as the capital of Spain until 1561, but our author has Las Casas appealing to "Madrid" repeatedly. Then he performs the difficult feat of having Las Casas in America and Spain at the same time, in 1537. Again, he makes Las Casas protest, in 1517, against an event which was not to happen until three years later, the punitive expedition against the Indians of the Pearl Coast. But why go further?

The Rothschilds Again

FIVE MEN OF FRANKFORT. By MARCUS ELI RAVAGE. New York: The Dial Press. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON

THREE studies of this famous house have been published during the past year. The first to appear, were the two able volumes by Count Egon Corti, and then, at the close of the year, came this book by Mr. Ravage.

This latest treatment of the Rothschild family is, apparently, intended as a condensation and popularization of all of the available information concerning the financial wizards of Frankfort. A squib on the jacket proclaims that the book has been written for the man who "wants to enjoy rather than to study"! May one be permitted to ask if the one excludes the other? But, the answer to that is no matter, the principal question remains. Is the writing of such a work really worth while?

No one objects to the popularizing of Clio's art. The more that we have of it the better for the general reading public. But even "popularized history" should have its limitations and its standards. There is, for example, the need for a limitation of subject. How many popular versions of Napoleon there have been! And yet, how invariably similar their content! Sometimes, there has been, at least, the virtue of a difference in the attitude of the author. Not infrequently, alas, even this mark of distinction has been lacking.

In the present volume, there is not very much that has not been told already, and well told. Until the private papers of the Rothschilds have been released, there will probably be very little use in publishing treatments of this interesting and very important subject. Again, the book has slight originality of style. The borrowing of time-worn phrases is a dangerous practice. For example, may we never again have to read that the Holy Roman Empire was neither Holy nor Roman nor an Empire. Above all, popular history should be well-written. In this volume there are a few places where the style and treatment would offend even the least fastidious reader.

In spite of these defects, however, there is much virtue in the volume. It is not a dull book, by any means. There is an animation and enthusiasm that carries the reader along to the last page. Mr. Ravage has, as well, been most fortunate in the structure that he has selected. For the House of Rothschild, life was a series of recurring crises. The treatment of these by the average author would be tiresome, but this writer has so tempered and varied his method of narration that each dramatic episode stands out as distinct and unique. It is a pleasure, too, to find that Genz, the subtle side of Metternich, has been given a just and proportionate prominence in that whirlpool of European politics known as the Age of Metternich.

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Books That Live

Books of Special Interest

Plays for People and Puppets

THE COMIC ARTIST. By SUSAN GLASPELL and NORMAN MATSON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1928. $1.50.

THE GAMBLERS AND MARRIAGE. By NIKOLAI V. GOGOL. Translated by ALEXANDER BERKMAN. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1928. $2.50.

THREE-MINUTE PLAYS. By PERCIVAL WILDE. New York: Greenberg. 1928. $2.

MARIONETTES, MASKS AND SHADOWS. By WINIFRED H. MILLS and LOUISE M. DUNN. Illustrated by CORYDON BELL. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1928. $3.50.

A BOOK OF MARIONETTE PLAYS. By ANNE STODDART and TONY SARG. New York: Greenberg. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

THE name of Susan Glaspell on a new play immediately arouses interest. Even though she may be writing with a collaborator, as here in "The Comic Artist" with Mr. Matson, one expects the Glaspell note to ring forth clearly. That this vivid note seems somewhat muffled in this latest tragedy may be because therein Miss Glaspell is neither making protest against social conditions, nor probing deeply into some startling aspect of feminine psychology. The play is a character study of five temperamental people whose lives, after the manner of Ibsen, are intricately interwoven, and after the way of Chekhov seek to reveal themselves in interminable talk, lacking, however, a Chekhovian norm. These characters are New York-Parisians, the Cape Cod setting being atmospheric background rather than the soil from which the story inevitably springs. The story is at times cheaply lurid, at others it rises into situations of deep dramatic insight. Its best element lies in the portrayal of Eleanor, the poised, maternal woman who suddenly discovers within herself the fires of primitive woman, fighting not unselfishly, as she thought, to save her husband's brother from his luxury-loving wife, but with passionate selfishness to keep her husband, body and soul, for herself, thereby establishing her power. In this character Miss Glaspell is on her own ground, and Eleanor must be added to the list of her significant feminine portraits.

In translating Gogol's two plays Mr. Berkman has rendered a distinct service to the student of Russian drama, as well as offering to little theatres entertaining comedies in which plot construction and characterization have interesting values. Writing in the early part of the nineteenth century Gogol was the precursor of Ostrovski and Chekhov, both of whom were debtors not only to his technical skill but to his intense realism. As a master of technique he still stands supreme among Russian dramatists, being called the Molière of Russia as Mr. Isaac Don Levine reminds us in his Introduction to this volume.

In "The Gamblers," a long one act play telling a story of the cheater out-cheated, the action is breathlessly swift, the surprise of the dénouement totally unexpected. In "Marriage," a two-act comedy of manners upon which Gogol, always a meticulous writer, is said to have worked ten years before perfecting it to his satisfaction, skill is evidenced in the plot balance, but the greater value lies in its realism. With the broad humor of a Hogarth or a Dickens, the play portrays petty officialdom and the ambitions of the middle-class to break into aristocracy. The young civil officer who desires to marry but cannot bring himself to the point, the professional matchmaker, the shrewd bride-to-be, and her numerous suitors, all these are of the past, it is true, in detail, yet very real and of the present in their humanness. To this humanness Mr. Berkman contributes by the lively colloquialism of his translation.

In "Three-Minute Plays" Percival Wilde reveals himself in a vivacious, satirical mood, which makes of these twenty odd skits most entertaining reading in their rapid fire attacks upon various aspects of modern life and modern plays, not excepting the "movies." And if any one wants to entertain in a drawing room, or elsewhere, with a play occupying just about exactly three minutes for the performance, and requiring the minimum of mental effort as well as of costume and scenery, here is just the play. There's a beginning, a middle, and an end to each, often a clever and surprising end. The satire often also is sharp and pertinent.

Upon every young person's bookshelf should stand "Marionettes, Masks and Shadows," by Winifred H. Mills and Louise Dunn, an outgrowth of the dramatic work of these two teachers in the Junior High School of Cleveland, and illustrated by photographs of plays presented, together with happy and suggestive drawings by Corydon Bell. It reads as enchantingly as a fairy tale. Here is the Tree of the Marionette drawn and described, with its roots in Java and Egypt, and its branches spreading over all countries, finally touching our own. Minute directions follow for making the marionettes and their manipulation, and for the construction and operation of a puppet theatre, with well selected lists of tales that will serve as basis for puppet plays. Masks and shadow plays are equally well treated in detail with description of costumes, scenery, and directions for lighting. The educational value of the book will be apparent to every parent and teacher as stories suggested for use in the plays are taken from the best in literature, so that the child who works out the plays will in an unforgettable fashion broaden his knowledge of fiction and legend, of the Bible, of history, and become acquainted with the manners and customs of peoples. Such educational value is not, however, stressed by the authors, who address themselves in manner and matter solely to the child, to his delight, to his imagination, and to the stimulation of his creative impulses.

To those wishing to start a puppet theatre, "The Book of Marionette Plays" will be most welcome, as in it Mr. Sarg has allowed the publication of five of his popular little plays, notably "Rip Van Winkle" and "Little Red Riding Hood." Before attempting to write one's own puppet plays these plays can be given for entertainment, and then studied as models for puppet technique. Mr. Sarg also gives direction for the making and the control of puppets as he uses them, and describes his Toy Theatre. And it should be added that very generously he allows the use of the puppet plays without royalty charge except in the instances where an admission fee is asked.

Mail Services

OLD POST BAGS. By ALVIN F. HARLOW. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $5.

THIS scholarly volume of nearly five-hundred pages is a history of the mail services of the world, from the system of relay carriages instituted by the great Cyrus of Persia to the American mail-plane of 1928. Most of the book, naturally and properly, is devoted to the development of the postal systems of Great Britain and the United States; but there are interesting chapters on the mail service of ancient Rome, on letter carrying in the Middle Ages, and, above all, on the extraordinary work of the house of Thurn and Taxis, which, beginning about 1500, built up the most far-reaching and efficient group of postal systems that Europe had yet known. The Continent was long in advance of Great Britain in postal facilities, and when the Tudors founded a regular courier system for government use they were simply imitating the work of the French Government under Louis XI. Mr. Harlow is happy in his anecdotal treatment of the transmission of intelligence in ancient and medieval times.

The American postoffice traces its history back to 1639 in Massachusetts, when Richard Fairbanks of Boston was appointed postmaster for the colony by the General Court; and the first important mail line was that which Governor Francis Lovelace of New York established in 1673 between New York and Boston. Lovelace wrote a letter to Governor Winthrop of Connecticut, sent by the first post-carrier, announcing that "I herewith present you with two rarities, a packquett of the latest intelligence I could meet withal, and a post. By the first you will see what has been acted on the stage of Europe; by the latter you will meet with a monthly fresh supply." The author treats the expansion of the service under Postmaster-General Spottswood and Postmaster-General Franklin, the "magical development" between 1790 and 1810, when the new Federal Government infused vigor into the system, and the introduction of the first railway postoffices, an idea borrowed from England, in 1838. His whole account of the evolution of the American postal service is fresher and more readable than the previous books by Marshall Cushing and Daniel C. Roper. Some scores of well-chosen illustrations add much to the value and attractiveness of the volume.

Goldsmith Letters

THE COLLECTED LETTERS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Edited by KATHARINE C. BALDERSTON. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). 1928.

Reviewed by HAMILTON J. SMITH

IN a "heroicomical" letter to his cousin, Robert Byranton, Oliver Goldsmith once boasted that the day would come—and he begged his cousin to live only a couple of hundred years to see the day—when the Scaligers and Daciers would no longer allow his genius to lie neglected. The time is up and the scholars are doing just what Goldsmith playfully predicted. Few geniuses have made the investigation of their future critics more difficult than Goldsmith, or left more confused problems to solve. Even the first day which concerned Goldsmith is still in doubt. In 1928 was celebrated his bicentennial; but, was the celebration legitimate? Should it have occurred at an earlier, or at a later date? It is a matter still not conclusively determined. A new fact concerning Goldsmith, as Austin Dobson said long ago, is a rarity. Each new study which solves certain problems, challenges others long since believed settled. But each new fact concerning Goldsmith is greatly needed if we are ever to have a more complete understanding of his genius.

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The publication, therefore, of any new material which moves toward this goal is a happy event. Especially so is the careful book, "The Collected Letters of Oliver Goldsmith," by Miss Balderston. Assembling the letters was unquestionably an exacting labor, and one which must have promised little hope for the discovery of new material. Goldsmith's correspondence has long been in demand, and greatly prized; so much so, in fact, that there have been an unusual number of forgeries, which continually appear in the most surprising places. These, of course, had to be judged, and a valuable contribution by the present editor is her convincing discussion of fraudulent and doubtful items.

To succeed in tracing all of Goldsmith's letters can hardly have been the hope of Miss Balderston. She has, surprisingly, been able to give a few entirely new letters. These are of slight literary value, but they are, in Goldsmith's case, of more than usual significance. Two important letters which will shortly appear in the new Isham collection of Boswelliana, were regrettably not yet available for publication when Miss Balderston's book went to press. One of these is to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the other is the reply to Boswell's letter of congratulation on the success of "She Stoops to Conquer." Written shortly after the birth of his daughter, Boswell gracefully says:

> My little daughter is a fine healthy lively child, and I flatter myself shall be blest with the cheerfullness of your Comic Muse. She has nothing of that wretched whining and crying which we see children to often have; nothing of the *comédie larmoyante.*

One must admit an inordinate curiosity to know how Goldsmith responded to so finished a compliment. That he complained in his reply of a general lack of appreciation for his genius is all that I at present know.

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In publishing Goldsmith's letters Miss Balderston has with the greatest care sought out original texts; in some cases has made valuable corrections; in others has printed entire what has been given formerly only in part. She has given for the first time the complete text of Mrs. Hodgson's memoirs of her brother.

But the work of the present editor is not alone significant because it is the most complete collection of Goldsmith's letters. It is an important, if slight, contribution toward knitting the ravelled sleeve of Goldsmith. Some important threads of biography she has wisely treated in an interesting preface, which concerns five unrelated topics: Goldsmith and His Family, The Adventure upon Fiddleback, The East Indian Plan, "The Threnodia Augustalis," and The Production of "She Stoops to Conquer." These sections are for scholars the more important part of Miss Balderston's work. And the facts here related will unquestionably at some time find their place in an as yet unwritten book—the definitive biography of Goldsmith.

The Prix Goncourt this year was accorded to Constantin-Weyer for his "Un Homme Se Penche sur Son Passé" (Paris: Rieder), a novel about Canada. The book is the sixth in a series of eight volumes which are to constitute an "Epopée Canadienne."

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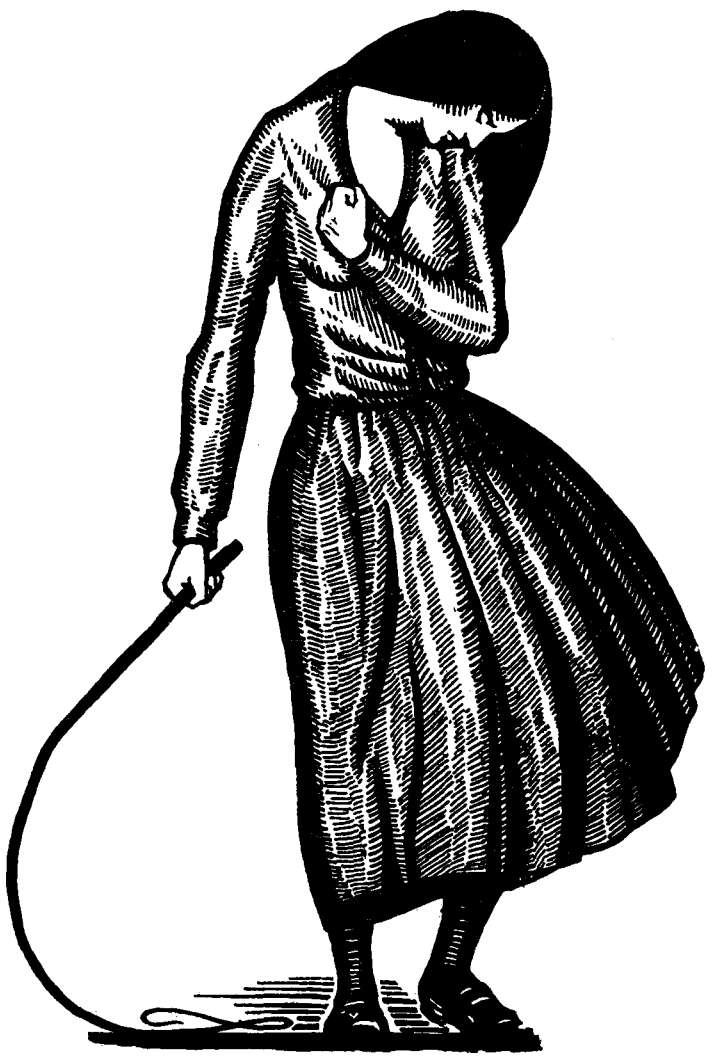

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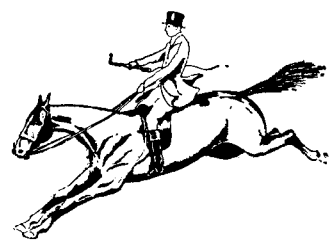

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Points of View

Educational Quackery

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

A recent advertisement, in a publication which is most choice and particular about its selection of advertising, seems worth comment. The display, of a "System of Correct English," puts prominently forth the statement, "You cannot afford not to know your own language," and urges that this system is "bright, brief, and breezy"—which gives one an initial idea of the projector's standard of taste. It continues:

"Do You Say—
in'kwirry for inqui'ry
ad'dress for address'
press'idence for prece'dence
conver'sant for con'versant
ac'climated for accli'mated
oleomarjerine for oleomargarine
a raise in salary
a setting hen
a mutual friend
providing I go
where will I meet you
we are having friends for dinner
"Do You Know When to Use—
farther or further
who or whom
I or me
practical or practicable
admittance or admission
shall or will

Now, the important thing about this advertisement is that every line of it quoted above evidences an abysmal ignorance of the facts of cultivated English usage, in spite of the fact that the advertisers begin by insisting on the importance of such knowledge.

Likewise, all the supposedly preferred pronunciations listed no doubt exist in the use of a few meticulously particular people; but the other pronunciation is in every case more frequent among persons of real culture. The fact that one pronunciation is given first or second even in a dictionary means nothing whatever beyond the fact that a given editor, perhaps with a very narrow observation and experience, happened to put it first or to prefer it.

Similarly for the idioms listed, as if they were wrong or illiterate, in the second column. Every one of them has suffered a more or less extended period of vilification by logical or etymological purists who know nothing about the language; but each has a longer and a perfectly good history of reputable and cultivated use. No really human being outside a grammar classroom, for example, ever conceived of speaking of a "sitting hen," and the locution itself would be laughed to scorn by anyone who knew the fowl and the technical vocabulary of its votaries.

As for the distinctions in the third list, they are either, like *farther* or *further*, absolutely non-existent in fact, or else they are, like the use of *I* or *me*, *who* or *whom*, and *shall* or *will*, matters of such complexity that it would take a dozen Philadelphia lawyers to try to explain them by logic. Yet they are at the same time of such extreme simplicity that every reasonably cultivated person uses them right without conscious effort. A few slightly pedantic persons say "it is I," and a larger number of perfectly correct speakers say "it is me"; but neither of these forms is common, since most people give their names when asked, instead of dodging the question by saying either "it is I" or "me."

Similarly, all cultivated persons, unless they make a heroic and conscious effort, invariably say "who is it for?" and "who did you see?" Probably nobody ever used *whom* in these places without deliberate forethought and a glow of conscious pride. On the contrary, no cultivated person says "a man who I saw"; almost invariably one says "a man I saw," or less often, "a man that I saw." If one uses the more formal *who*, the formality of his sentence draws him immediately to the more elaborate accusative case. In fact, so ultra-respectable does this accusative seem to the natural and cultivated user of English that he even obtrudes it in sentences like "a man whom I thought was my friend," to the horror of the logical grammarians, and thus gives Dr. Jespersen a delightful chance to refute them by still subtler logic. Whoever is right, sentences of the form quoted above are to be found in practically every great English writer, and they abound in the conversation of people who build rather elaborate sentences.

Shall and *will* are perhaps the most absurd and calamitous battleground of English grammar. It is true that they are used in different proportions in various parts of the country, both here and in England. The plain fact of the matter is, however, that *will* is used in all three persons—first, second, and third—whenever the subject of the verb is in control of the situation, and *shall* is similarly used when someone else than the very subject controls: "I shall go"—I am not in control; "you shall go"—you can't help it; "he shall go"—I'll compel him. The difference in use of *shall* and *will* thus marks very prettily one's sense of self-assertion of overwhelming destiny and determination. There is also a pleasant courtesy in "I shall be delighted," which represents one as overwhelmed by the pleasure.

In short, the authors of the advertisement quoted could hardly have made more mistakes in as many lines if they had set deliberately to work at misrepresenting all the ascertained facts of usage. To be sure, numerous mossy chestnuts from the purist wagon are somehow missed in their collection: *if* for *whether*, *have got*, and *try and go*, for instance. Doubtless these are saved for the first or sample lesson, or for succeeding instalments. And, as usual in these cases, the advertisers take care to salt their list with a few instances of doubtful usage and genuine awkwardness of expression, and even of positive illiteracy. But these instances are indeed few, since they would spoil the advertising game.

For the making of handbooks and systems of correct English is as easy and profitable as writing books of etiquette, and it proceeds on exactly the same principles. It requires only a little imagination and a great deal of assurance. If you can discover a way of behavior or speech which is excessively rare, or better still, can devise a possible behavior which might conceivably be mistaken for that of ultra-respectable people, you have only to announce this egregious form as the only correct mode—and the trick is done. All your fellow-countrymen, with typically American credulity, will believe that a new dispensation has been revealed, and will of course be caught in some perfectly normal form of speech or manners hereby declared wrong or impossible. Everybody then proceeds to buy the book, and even attempts to distort his speech or manners to fit its absurd declarations.

In short, the making of lists of right pronunciations and usages is practically confined to the attention of the sheerest quacks, parading as omniscient. Their method is no better than that of those medical advertisements which all decent papers rigidly exclude, that inquire: "Do you ever have a burning sensation in the left ear?" "Does your nose itch when your hands are both occupied?" and thus proceed to terrify healthy young people into swallowing whatever pill or drug the advertiser has to sell.

There is no necessity for anybody being misled by this kind of nonsense in regard to English usage. The facts are easily and readily available. Nobody need wonder whether "pretty good" or "went slow" is correct, or whether a sentence may begin with "and," or an informal midday meal be called "lunch." The best modern dictionaries* clearly and carefully explain all these matters. They record that "pretty" and "slow" are adverbs as well as adjectives, and give illustrations from the usage of the best writers. They explain patiently that a "luncheon" is a quite formal and somewhat elaborate festivity, but that anyone who does not wish to dress for that may eat "lunch" without complete loss of social caste. And they do all these things on a basis, not of theory about what the language ought to be, but after at least a reasonable attempt to find out what the cultivated usage of English is.

True, the dictionaries are pretty fully conservative. For one thing, they can give, and profess to give, practically nothing beyond the usage of printed books; and they are least happy when they try to deal with matters like pronunciation of words in context, which are rarely if ever pronounced like the isolated words in the dictionary. Dictionaries do, however, give some idea of what words and phrases are used in informal speech and writing, by the symbol *colloq.*, which means not ignorant or dialect forms, but reputable usage in conversation and in such informal writing as letters and familiar essays.

Yet since it is so conservative, the dictionary is the safer as a guide to the nervous wayfarer who is afraid his speech will betray him—and it is a perfect refuge from nine-tenths of the nonsense in the much-advertised handbook or system of correct English.

In a most admirable editorial on "Pure English" in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for September 22 last, Dr. Canby has made very clear the stupidity of preoccupation with mere correctness. As an admirable counterpoise, he proposes the wonderful possibilities of cultivating "pure English," which he uses a little arbitrarily to connote "responsibility for the full meaning of every English word . . . a consciousness of life in every syllable." The distinction, rather than the distinctions, of writing which shows conscious mastery of English in this realm is of course beyond price. Beside it the pallid and useless precaution of the correct-English pedant appears for what it is—a preoccupation for the most part ignorant and stupid. Those who seek for mastery of words will do well to search out their history and the rich variety of their meanings and suggestion. They will consciously try various forms and modes of expression, and not limit themselves to a strait correctness. And so—if they have anything to say worth saying, and plentiful patience of observation and experiment, and the possibilities of developing taste—all things needful will assuredly be added unto them.

* See particularly Fowler's "Modern English Usage" (Oxford University Press).

A Purist Glossary

Climbed is an error of the illiterate, based on the analogy of the weak verbs which infest our language. The correct preterite is *clomb*, which has the force of history and logic back of it.

Let: Only an ignorant barbarian would use this word in any sense but that of *prevent*.

Prevent: Whoever knows Latin is aware that this word means *go before*. Its use to mean *hinder* is a late and utterly baseless innovation which those who have at heart the welfare of the English language will resist earnestly.

Delirious: The fact that this word is of Latin extraction should not blind us to its low slang origin. Its meaning, as is evident to any Latinist, is no different from that of the current vulgarism, "off his trolley." It will be avoided by all who value the dignity of the language.

Reply and *Rejoin:* Careless speakers overlook the fact that to rejoin is to *make answer to a reply*. Distinctions of this kind, which are of the greatest importance, should not be allowed to lapse.

Sitten and Slidden: The enormous value of having past participles different from the preterite forms of verbs, difficult as it is to preserve in English, should lead us to keep every possible differentiation. Dr. Middleton and Dr. Campbell, notable scholars of the eighteenth century, did well to restore these true participles, and we should give them due reverence and hearty support.

Turtle: Through an unfortunate error, which Dr. Johnson associates with the practice of gluttons, the word *turtle*, which formerly meant a *dove* and should still do so, was applied to a tortoise. This innovation should be rejected.

Restive: The most ignorant person should be able to see that this word means *in a state of rest*, and is abominably misused in the exactly opposite sense.

Nervous in all our greatest writers of the past centuries meant *having strong nerves*. Its ridiculous misuse in an opposite meaning should be resisted with all vigor.

Light a pipe: This expression is patently absurd, as anybody would know who had ever had the misfortune to have his pipe burn through. We light the tobacco, not the pipe.

Nice: A little knowledge of Latin should enable any one to see that this word, derived directly from *nescius*, ought to be used in the sense of *ignorant*, and in none of the unrelated and etymologically absurd meanings which have since arisen.

Amanuensis: This word means literally *a hand worker*, not a *secretary*. It is with propriety applied to anyone who gains his livelihood by manual labor. The same is true of the word *surgeon*, derived from the Green *chirurgeon;* but in the current hopeless ignorance of Greek it is perhaps useless to try to preserve this meaning.

The split verb: It is an error of the most heinous sort to intrude any particle except *not*, or any adverb, between the parts of a verb phrase. We should say, for example, "He never has been seen," *not* "He has never been seen" and "He surely might have permitted," *not* "He might surely have permitted." Great carelessness is shown in disregarding this plain rule.

A great many, a few days: Since *a* is one of the few adjectives in English which give help to the substantive by signification of number, it is quite clear to the least logical understanding that it must not be used with a plural noun as in these barbarous phrases.

S. A. LEONARD.
University of Wisconsin.

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Benda and French Ideas*

By Irving Babbitt
Author of "Rousseau and Romanticism"

THE present moment in French literature would seem to be unusually confused. As a first step in getting one's bearings in a somewhat chaotic situation, one may perhaps distinguish between the writers who are still in the main modern movement, and those who are in more or less marked opposition to it. This movement has been, in one of its most important aspects, primitivistic. Rousseau, with his tendency to disparage intellect in favor of the unconscious felicities of instinct, is, though not the first, easily the most influential of the primitivists.

Among the more prominent living opponents of primitivism one may mention M. Ernest Seillière, who has been developing in numerous volumes the thesis that Rousseau's doctrine of man's natural goodness, in theory fraternal, results practically in an "irrational imperialism"; likewise M. Charles Maurras and the group of *L'Action Française*, who, seeing in Rousseauism an alien intrusion into the French tradition, seek to restore this tradition, classical, Catholic, and monarchical, such as it existed, for example, in the age of Louis XIV. The members of this group, it is important to note, are less interested in classicism and religion for their own sake than as necessary supports for what they term an "integral nationalism." There is again the neo-scholastic group of which M. Jacques Maritain is probably the most gifted member. This group parts company with the modern movement not merely from the eighteenth century, but from the Renaissance. In his "Three Reformers" M. Maritain assails Luther and Descartes as well as Rousseau, finding no firm anchorage for the spirit short of the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Finally, M. Julien Benda is one of the most interesting of those who oppose, on various grounds, the modern movement. He is an isolated figure in the contemporary battle of ideas in France. Some might even say that he pushes his independence to a point that is slightly quixotic. He has taken issue not only with the modernists, but with many of the enemies of modernism. He discovers, for instance, a temper unduly narrow and exclusive in the neo-scholastics, a proneness to look on themselves alone as true men and on all others, who are outside the circle of their orthodoxy, as "dogs and swine." He detects again romantic elements in the cult that M. Maurras renders to reason, and is unable to see that "integral nationalism" of the type promoted by *L'Action Française* is genuinely Catholic or classical. Rousseau would, as a matter of fact, have the right to say (in the words of Emerson's Brahma) of many of those who profess to be reacting from him: "When me they fly, I am the wings."

M. Benda has been concerned primarily, not with the older forms of the primitivistic movement, but with those it has assumed during the last thirty or forty years. He has been above all an implacable enemy of the form it has taken in the philosophy of Bergson, of the anti-intellectual trend of this philosophy, and its tendency to present as a spiritual illumination what is at bottom only the latest refinement of Rousseauistic revery. As a sample of revery thus setting up as a "mystic union with the essence of things" M. Benda cites the following passage from M. Edouard LeRoy, Bergson's disciple and successor at the Collège de France:

> Distinctions have disappeared. Words no longer have any value. One hears welling forth mysteriously the sources of consciousness like an unseen trickling of living water through the darkness of a moss-grown grotto. I am dissolved in the joy of becoming. I give myself over to the delight of being an ever streaming reality. I no longer know whether I see perfumes, or breathe sounds, or taste colors, etc.

The point of view is related to that of the contemporary French group known as the *surréalistes* who hope to achieve creative spontaneity by diving into the depths of the subrational. The *surréalistes* in turn have much in common with the English and American writers who abandon themselves to the "stream of consciousness."

M. Benda has studied above all the ravages of Bergsonism in the polite circles of French society—the circles whose traditional rôle it has been to maintain the principle of leisure. The influence of women has always been marked in these circles—but with a difference. In the older French society there were still men of leisure who set the tone and to whom the women deferred. In an industrial society like our own, on the other hand, the men are taken up more and more with business and money-making. In the meanwhile the women have been encouraged in the belief that they are richer than men in the type of intuition that Bergson exalts above reason. Hence their growing contempt for the masculine point of view. Men themselves are inclined to grant them, at least in art and literature, this superiority. "I know certain men," says M. Benda, "who are at the head of immense enterprises employing thousands of workmen, enterprises which are transforming whole industries and changing the face of the world; not only do their wives, because they get up at noon and play a little Schumann on the piano, esteem themselves infinitely above their husbands, but the husbands concur entirely in this judgment." It would not be difficult to find an American parallel to this picture. Men are even more absorbed in utilitarian pursuits in America than in France, and even more inclined to turn over to women the cultural values which have been a chief concern of the great civilizations of the past.

"Belphégor," the work from which I have just been quoting, though it continues M. Benda's onslaughts on Bergsonism, has a somewhat wider scope. The tendency to grant the primacy to emotion that this work assails goes at least as far back as the sentimentalists of the eighteenth century. When Faust, for example, exclaims that "feeling is all," he sums up Rousseau in his essential aspect, on the one hand, and, on the other, looks forward to "the greedy thirst for immediacy" that is the theme of "Belphégor." One may grant at most that this thirst has led to a more complete sloughing off of the traditional disciplines than one usually finds in the earlier primitivists. The net result from the outset of the quest of sensation and emotional intensity for their own sake, has been, in Santayana's phrase, a "red-hot irrationality."

Himself a Jew, M. Benda attributes the decadence he describes in part to Jewish influence; but there have always been, he goes on to explain, two types of Jews—those who in ancient times worshipped Belphegor (in the King James version, Baalpeor), and those who worshipped Jehovah. As a modern example of the former type, he mentions Bergson; of the latter, Spinoza. Moreover, the Jew would not have been able to act thus deleteriously on the Gentile if the power of psychic resistance of the Gentile had not been seriously lowered. One reason for this lowered resistance, M. Benda surmises, has been the decline of classical study. It might be supposed in that case that one way to fortify the cultivated classes against an irrational surrender to their emotions would be a more humanistic type of education. But M. Benda has no hope of a return to the humanities. He anticipates a future even worse than the present—a sort of indefinite progression in unreason.

It may be, however, that M. Benda is unduly gloomy in his forebodings, that even this tree will not quite grow to heaven. It is an encouraging sign that the rightness of his analysis of the emotional excess has been widely recognized,—so much so that the term Belphegorism" has entered into current French usage. One may profit by M. Benda's analysis without sharing what appears to be his fatalism. Confronted by tendencies which he believes to be at once bad and irresistible, he inclines at times to misanthropy. Moreover, this misanthropy seems to have its source less in his reason than in his emotions; so that certain critics have found a Belphégorian taint in his own writings.

In theory at all events, M. Benda is not only consistently on the side of reason, but he protects the word with a Socratic dialectic. Bergson proclaims that one can escape from mechanism and at the same time become vital and dynamic only by a resort to intuition, and then proceeds to identify the intuitive with the instinctive and the subrational. But the abstract type of reason that is at the basis of the mechanistic view of life, M. Benda retorts, is not the only type. Reason may also be intuitive. Sainte-Beuve, for example, is intuitive in this sense when, in his "Lundis," he enters into the unique gift of a writer and renders it with the utmost delicacy of shading. Intuition of this kind has nothing in common with what is, according to Bergson, the ideally intuitive act—namely, that of the chick when it pecks its way through its shell.

One may admire M. Benda's perspicacity in such discriminations and yet ask if it is enough to oppose reason in any sense to the cult of a subrational intuition and the "Belphegorism" to which it leads. According to Bergson, there are two traditions in French philosophy: on the one hand, a tradition which puts primary emphasis on intuition and derives from Pascal; on the other, a tradition which is primarily rationalistic and derives from Descartes. One would like to know what M. Benda thinks of Bergson's claim to be in the direct line of descent from Pascal. Does he suppose that when Pascal appeals from reason to something that he calls variously "sentiment," "instinct," "heart," these terms have the same meaning for him that they have come to have since Rousseau and the sentimentalists? The truth is that the terms refer to a superrational quality of will identified with the divine will in the form of grace, and that it is this quality of will that has been weakened by the decline of traditional religion. Faith in a higher will, as it appears in a Pascal, acted restrictively on the "lusts" of the natural man. According to the familiar classification, the three main lusts (the "three rivers of fire" of which Pascal speaks) are the lust of knowledge, of sensation, and of power.

The most subtle peril, according to the austere Christian, is that which arises from the lust of knowledge. M. Benda is too thorough-going an intellectual to be apprehensive of any such peril, much less to fall, as the Christian has done at times, into obscurantism. He has probably never asked himself seriously the question that seemed to Cardinal Newman the most essential of all: "What must be the face-to-face antagonist by which to withstand and baffle . . . the all-corroding, all-dissolving energy of the intellect?" As for the lust of feeling, anyone who reads "Belphégor" is scarcely likely to accuse M. Benda of not being sufficiently on his guard against it. He has, again, in a recent work, "La Trahison des Clercs"* (1928), set forth the dangers of certain modern manifestations of the lust of domination. The epigraph of this work is taken from the philosopher Renouvier, a disciple of Kant: "The world suffers from a lack of faith in a transcendent truth." One is prompted to inquire at once whether one can secure this faith in a transcendent truth simply by an appeal to reason; whether a true transcendence does not call for the affirmation, either in the Christian or some other form, of a higher will. At all events, M. Benda develops the thesis that every civilized society requires a body of "clerks" (and by clerks he understands not merely the clergy in the narrower sense of the term, but thinkers, writers, and artists) who are dedicated to the service of the something in man that transcends his material interests and animal appetites.

Other ages and civilizations have had "clerks" who were faithful to their high vocation, often at the cost of contumely and persecution. But in our own day the clerks have been guilty of a "great betrayal." They themselves have become secular in temper, and in consequence have, instead of resisting the egoistic passions of the laity, taken to flattering them. They have sided more and more with the centrifugal forces, the forces that array man against man, class against class, and finally nation against nation. They have encouraged in particular a type of patriotism that, besides supplying themes to the votaries of Belphegor, has stimulated the will to power in a form that, as M. Benda describes it, is close to the "irrational imperialism" of M. Seillière. If the clerks had been true and not traitorous, they would, instead of helping to inbreed differences, have rallied to the defense of the disciplines that tend to draw men to a common centre even across national frontiers. As a result of the clerical apostasy, M. Benda foresees wars of zoölogical extermination. He admits, however, another possibility: men may be induced to vent their fury of conquest not upon other men, but upon physical nature. He enlarges upon this latter possibility in a vein that might have appealed to Swift:

> Henceforth, united in an immense army, an immense factory, . . . contemptuous of every free and disinterested activity, thoroughly cured of faith in any good beyond the real world, . . . humanity will attain to a really grandiose control of its material environment, to a really joyous consciousness of its own power and grandeur. And history will smile at the thought that Socrates and Jesus Christ died for that race.

M. Benda's work may be defined in its total trend as a sweeping indictment of the modernists by a modern. Thus far, at least, he has refused to ally himself with the reactionaries. The position of the modern may turn out to be untenable in the long run, unless it can be shown to be truly constructive; and it is on the constructive side that M. Benda is the least satisfying. The charge has been brought against him that the "clerk," as he conceives him, is too aloof, too much "above the mêlée." The contemplative life, however, may have its own justification. Furthermore, he is willing that his clerk should, on occasion, be militant in the secular order.

The real difficulty is that M. Benda does not give an adequate notion of the doctrine and discipline on which the clerk is to base his militancy; nor again of the type of effort that must be put forth in the contemplative life, if it is to be more than a retreat into some tower of ivory. His weakness as a philosopher would appear, as I have already hinted, to be his failure to recognize that the opposite of the subrational is not merely the rational but the superrational, and that this superrational and transcendent element in man is a certain quality of will. This quality of will may prove to be alone capable of supplying a sufficient counterpoise to the various "lusts," including the lust of feeling, that result from the free unfolding of man's natural will. M. Benda's inadequacy in dealing with the will is closely related to his drift towards fatalism and his occasional misanthropy. Any one who affirmed the higher will on psychological rather than dogmatic or theological grounds might perhaps aspire to the praise of being a constructive modern. In the meanwhile, a necessary preliminary to any valid construction must be a sound diagnosis of existing evils. It is just here—as an acute diagnostician of the modern mind and its maladies—that M. Benda has put us under obligations to him. One finds in him a combination of keen analysis with honesty and courage that is rare at the present time, or indeed at any time.

* Mr. Babbitt's article will constitute the introduction to the translation of Benda's "Belphégor," issued this week by Payson & Clarke.

* "The Treason of the Intellectuals" was reviewed by Montgomery Belgion, *Saturday Review of Literature*, October 27, 1928.

Swiss Poems

SELECTED POEMS. By Carl Spitteler. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne and James F. Muirhead. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

TEN years ago Carl Spitteler won the Nobel prize for literature. The award (Romain Rolland to the contrary) seemed queer then; it seems queerer now. Rereading Spitteler's work in the original, one is impressed chiefly with his windiness, his vatic gestures, his magniloquences. Aside from a few ballads, notably "Die Weltpost" and "Kronos and the Old Man," Spitteler's verse is largely and loosely mystical in the worst German tradition.

If this is true of the original, what is one to say of these translations? They, succinctly, are what one might have expected. Mr. Muirhead managed the prose of "Lachende Wahrheiten" with despatch and neatness, but he is not at home in verse. As for Miss Mayne,—well, she is no worse than Mr. Muirhead. Neither has the knack of imparting the flavor of the Swiss author without making him seem ridiculous—and, whatever Spitteler's faults, he was not foolish. When the translators are less rhetorical they are equally unfortunate; they cannot deal in straight simplicity without committing inverted banalities. Take, for example:

THEME

Silver-tongued and clanging bell
Canst thou me the secret tell?
Sole with owl and flittermouse,
Pent up in the crumbling house.
Say, whence comes thy festal ring,
And who taught thee thus to sing?

"Once I lay deep underground;
Hellish night was all around;
Here, in high and lightsome tower,
See I, through the storm and shower,
How woe by man is turned to weal,
Yet thou wondrest how I peal!"

This is the first poem in the book, and it is typical. What makes this volume stranger is not only its belated appearance, but the omission of any considerable section of "Prometheus und Epimetheus," or "Prometheus der Dulder" ("Prometheus the Long-Suffering"), which, with the epical "Olympian Spring," constitute Spitteler's claim to prominence. The translated shorter lyrics are inconsequential—on a far lower level than those of Liliencron, Hartleben, Morgenstern, or Bierbaum, all of whom still await an English transcriber.

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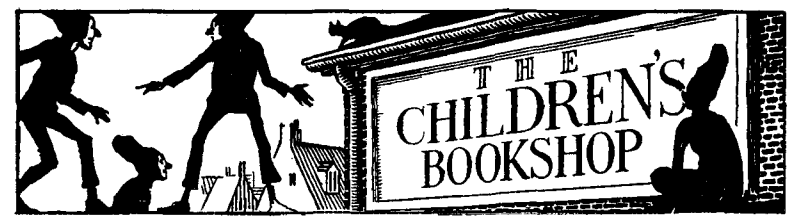

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

"Flowery and Gilt"

By WILBUR MACEY STONE

JUST before the middle of the eighteenth century publishers awoke to a realization of the fact that children were "folks" and that books made particularly for them found a ready market. Even then, what the children demanded, the parents bought. Of course, for a century before, books for the instruction and torture of children were prevalent, but it was not until the reign of the second George that books of pure delight, unmixed with didactic bitters, began to appear.

Our title, "Flowery and Gilt," refers to the gorgeous painted, gilded, and embossed paper, designed to cover children's books, which was made in Holland and sent from there to England and America. The manufacture of this paper ceased a hundred years ago, but little volumes so covered still exist in all their original brilliance.

In the seventeenth century the booksellers camped in strange places. London bridge was lined with bookshops and I have seen imprints from Fleet bridge as well. Then and later they congregated about the principal churchyards, Aldermary and St. Pauls, for instance. One enterprising bookseller, before 1740, set up shop in the Guildhall, the headquarters of the city government of London. Here there were often crowds to be tempted by his merchandise. His name was Thomas Boreman, and he was not only a bookseller but a writer and publisher of books as well. From our viewpoint his crowning achievement was the production of a series of ten little books, published at four pence apiece, each two and one quarter inches tall, or should we not say short. The subjects of these books were definitely local, the first volume being a description of the Guildhall giants, two effigies standing on either side of the entrance, within the hall. As far as I am able to discover this was the first small secular book for children. Boreman very cleverly called the series, the "Gigantick Histories," and still more cleverly utilized a practice popular at the time, of procuring subscriptions in advance and printing a list of the subscribers in his books. What child could resist the allure of anticipation and finally the realization that his or her name would appear in print at the beginning of the book? So it is not strange that in some of these little volumes, the list of subscribers occupies about a third of the book! Pictures, too, of course, full page ones, added to the attraction, and finally, the volumes were stoutly sewed and covered with embossed flowery paper from Holland.

Boreman, I think, must be credited with the idea of the Dutch flowery paper for the covers of children's books. At least his little volumes are the earliest examples of the use of this paper which I have seen. It is now nearly two centuries since the first of them were published and, of course, most of them long ago disappeared. The few surviving copies are among the rarest of eighteenth century juveniles. Before me as I write, is a complete set of the ten volumes, in the original covers, fresh and crisp in their old age, the only set in captivity of which I know.

In spite of the reckless and often brutal treatment of books by their little owners there is ample evidence that the children loved their books. Many of the surviving copies are richly embellished with inscriptions of ownership and warnings to borrowers or worse, most attractive personal touches which enable us to peep into the minds of the owners. Owners' names are commonly met with, sometimes by the hand of an elder person, but often in the crabbed hand of the child. In the "History of Lee Boo, a Native of the Pelew Islands," (Newbery, London) the owner has used two pages on which to sprawl the legend "Thomas Anderson His Book In the year 1807 Feberwury 8th." A bit lame in his spelling of the month, but we surely know what he meant.

In a copy of Watts's "Divine Songs for Children," London, 1773, is a charming record of three generations of youthful owners. First, in bold printing, each letter laboriously surrounded with dots, is "Samuel Hovey Junr & Lydia Hovey Junr our Book Given To us By the schoolmaster of Buxton July ye 21st 1774." From these children the volume passed on "To Mehitabel and Phebe Hovey This with our Love to you Both to remember us By: Samll Hovey and Lydia Hovey." Evidently Lydia cherished the book and apparently married a Mr. Short, for the final inscription is "Ruth Short her Book aged seven years." We often hear of books being thumbed to pieces. This volume is actually thumbed through all the leaves at their foot and there is enough dirt on the leaves to start a garden.

Now that we have introduced the subject of Watts's "Divine Songs," let us follow with a few more remarks on that most popular juvenile song book of the English race. The work of a confirmed bachelor, given to the world in 1715 when he was thirty-six years old, this little book persisted in popularity for one hundred and fifty years. In this country it was the companion of the

"New England Primer," which has been called the Little Bible of New England, and may itself well be called the Little Psalm Book of New England and old England as well. Its songs are not by any means all "sweetness and light," but their general note is cheerful, and as Watts's book was the first of its kind, it held its own against numerous later imitations. While many of us to-day are ignorant of their authorship and origin, most of us are familiar with some of its songs, as, for example, "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour," "Let dogs delight to bark and bite for God hath made them so," " 'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain."

The future bliss of the well-behaved child is alluringly told in the verse

There is beyond the sky
A Heaven of joy and love;
And all good children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

But the next verse is eminently calculated to put "the fear of God" in all its horror into the mind of an impressionable youngster:

There is a dreadful Hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with Devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

In some of the early illustrated editions the song of The Thief was accompanied by a realistic cut of a hanging, a most horrible picture for the "entertainment" of a child. For more than a dozen years this little work has held my particular interest, and I have identified between six and seven hundred editions in England and America. My own "little" collection of copies of different editions numbers more than one hundred and sixty, and hardly a month goes by without the discovery of an edition previously unrecorded. There are only two known copies of the first edition, both of which are owned in America.

In the last century there was quite a *flair* among collectors, particularly in England, for books illustrated by Thomas Bewick, the man who revived and revivified the art of wood engraving. Bewick was a man rich in humor, as his little tail pieces for the quadrupeds and birds bear testimony. But the collector of juveniles owes him a debt of gratitude for the charming cuts he made to amuse children. Wilson and Spence at York issued many juveniles with Bewick cuts.

Thomas Bewick's reputation has quite overshadowed that of his brother John, but John did some very creditable wood engraving, notably for two juveniles, "The Looking Glass for the Mind" and "Blossoms of Morality," both translated from the French of Berquin and both issued by E. Newbery in 1796. Both of these books

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have many of Thomas Bewick's spirited tail pieces.

To allure children to the Bible, numerous synopses were prepared, usually illustrated, and usually very small in size. These miniature Bibles are most attractive. The first one of record was the "Agnus Dei" of John Weever, the earliest edition known being dated 1601. Then John Taylor, the water poet, followed in 1614 with the "Verbum Sempiternum." Both these volumes were very small, and the latter was reprinted many times both in English and French in the eighteenth century in Europe and America. These were in verse and very ingeniously boiled down.

In the appeal to the reader the author is most naive:

Thou that this little book dost take in hand,
Before thou judge be sure to understand.
And as thy kindness thou extend'st to me,
At any time Ile do as much for thee.
Thine JOHN TAYLOR.

Taylor's verse on David and Goliath is one of my favorites:

Young David comes, and in his hand a sling,
And with a stone the giant downe doth ding.

He is a bit pessimistic on royalty:

Some Kings do govern wel, most govern ill,
And what the good reforms the bad doth spil.

The earliest dated American edition, so far as known, was printed in Boston by N. Proctor, near Scarlet's Wharffe, in 1765.

In 1727, Wilkin in London issued a particularly small Bible, a prose synopsis, the preface of which begins: "'Tis a Melancholy Reflection that in a Country, where all have the Bible in their hands, so many should be ignorant of the first Principles of the Oracles of God." This version with its sad preface was reprinted throughout the century and later both in England and America. One facetious Bible title must be quoted: "The History of the Bible, Compiled for the Use of the Emperor of Lilliputia. Lilliput: Printed in 1775." Lilliput was London.

As children are always intrigued by simple puzzles, the hieroglyphic Bibles made a real hit. These were popular throughout Europe during the eighteenth century and earlier. They were also printed in this country, but not so early as abroad. In these books many of the words were represented by little cuts which kept the reader guessing.

The close of the seventeenth century gave to the world a little work on which was molded the character of most of our Puritan ancestors, and which is very dear to the heart of the collector of Americana. I refer, of course, to the "New England Primer," which was in use for nearly a century and a half and of which millions of copies were printed. Although we have records of this book as far back as 1683, the earliest known copy is that in the New York Public Library, dated 1727. I must assume that you are familiar with its beauties and with its celebrated rhymed alphabet beginning, "In Adam's fall we sinned all," and ending with "Zacheus he, did climb a tree, his Lord to see."

Numerous other primers were in competition with the "New England Primer," notably the "Royal Primer," of which the earliest English edition was issued by John Newbery about 1750. The earliest American edition was published by James Chattin in Philadelphia in 1753.

In the history of juvenile literature the name of John Newbery is an outstanding landmark. Newbery was originally of Reading, in England, where he began publishing juveniles before 1750. He was a highly versatile character, dabbling in patent medicines, newspapers, and other enterprises as well as in books. He began as an employee of one Carnan, a printer in Reading. Presently Carnan passed on to his heavenly reward, and Newbery took over the business, and, after a suitable period of mourning, his widow and three little Carnans. Looking for wider horizons, Newbery soon deserted Reading for London, where he finally opened shop at the Corner of St. Paul's Churchyard at the sign of "The Bible and Sun." There he prospered mightily, and Mrs. Newbery presented him, one after another, with three little Newberys.

Christopher Smart, Samuel Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith were among Newbery's early contributors, and Goldy hung on to the end. At the peak of his success, however, Newbery sickened, and, at the early age of less than fifty-five, he died. His widow bravely carried on the publishing business, presently dividing it into two parts, giving one to her sons, Francis Newbery and Thomas Carnan, and the other to Francis Newbery, a nephew. After Francis, the nephew, died in 1780 his wife Elizabeth continued his business. So we have Newbery juveniles under various imprints down to 1800.

But enough of this family gossip. Let us look to the Newbery books. The earliest one familiar to me is dated 1748, shortly after Newbery's establishment in London. It is entitled "The Art of Poetry made familiar and easy to young Gentlemen and Ladies." It is one of a set of seven little volumes entitled, "The Circle of the Sciences." This set, which was highly popular, was kept in print for half a century, evidence to its real worth.

Here I must pause a moment to commend the size and binding of Newbery's juveniles. He issued about two hundred titles, nearly all of which were only four inches or slightly taller, a definite and shrewd appeal to the small hands which were to hold them. Then he sewed them strongly and put them up in gorgeous flowery and gilt Dutch paper, an irresistible allure to both child and parent.

That justly celebrated work, "Mother Goose's Melody," to the best of our knowledge and belief was first produced at Newbery's shop about 1760. The name of this book of nursery jingles is a translation from the French, Mère l'Oye, who was a legendary personage. No copies of early editions are recorded. In 1777 the seventh edition appeared and the eighth in 1780. Because of the popularity of "Mother Goose's Melody" and because of the careless hands into which all copies immediately passed, this book is one of the scarcest juveniles we know. When we get to Isaiah Thomas we shall consider his American reprints of it.

Perhaps the best known of the Newbery juveniles is "Goody Two Shoes." Charles Welch in his life of Newbery strongly claims the authorship of "Goody" for Dr. Goldsmith, but one Griffith Jones, who wrote several juveniles for Newbery, is perhaps an equal favorite for the honor. Goody first appeared to an expectant and eager world in 1765, but no copies of either the first or second editions have come to light. A few copies of the third edition, issued in 1766, are known, one of which, in its faded, flowery cover, the gilt long since departed, lies before me. Another celebrated and much pirated Newbery book is "The Newtonian System of Philosophy," adapted to the capacities of young gentlemen and ladies by Tom Telescope. This little book treats in beguiling language and with numerous copper cuts, of matter and motion and the universe in general. The little page further states that the work is familiarized and made entertaining by objects with which the readers are intimately acquainted and in the substance of six lectures read to the Lilliputian Society by Tom Telescope, A.M., collected and methodized for the Benefit of the Young of these Kingdoms, by their old Friend Mr. Newbery, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, who has added a Variety of Copper-plate cuts to illustrate and confirm the Doctrines advanced.

John Newbery's name has been revived in this generation by the establishment of a Newbery medal, presented yearly in this country to the author of the most distinguished juvenile of the year.

Contemporary with John Newbery's immediate successors, that is from about 1780 to 1800, John Marshall issued many children's books from Aldermary Churchyard in Bow Lane, in London. Some of these were in sets similar to Newbery's "Circle of the Sciences." One set of sixteen wee volumes was entitled, The Infant's Library; another lot of somewhat larger books was called The Juvenile or Child's Library. These little books could be bought singly by the impecunious or prudent, or a whole set at a time in a beautiful bookcase by the rich or prodigal.

And now we come to Isaiah Thomas. While this eminent American printer practised his "mystery and art" before the Revolution, it was not until after that stirring event that he acquired fame as a reprinter of English juveniles. Directly upon the re-

(*Continued on next page*)

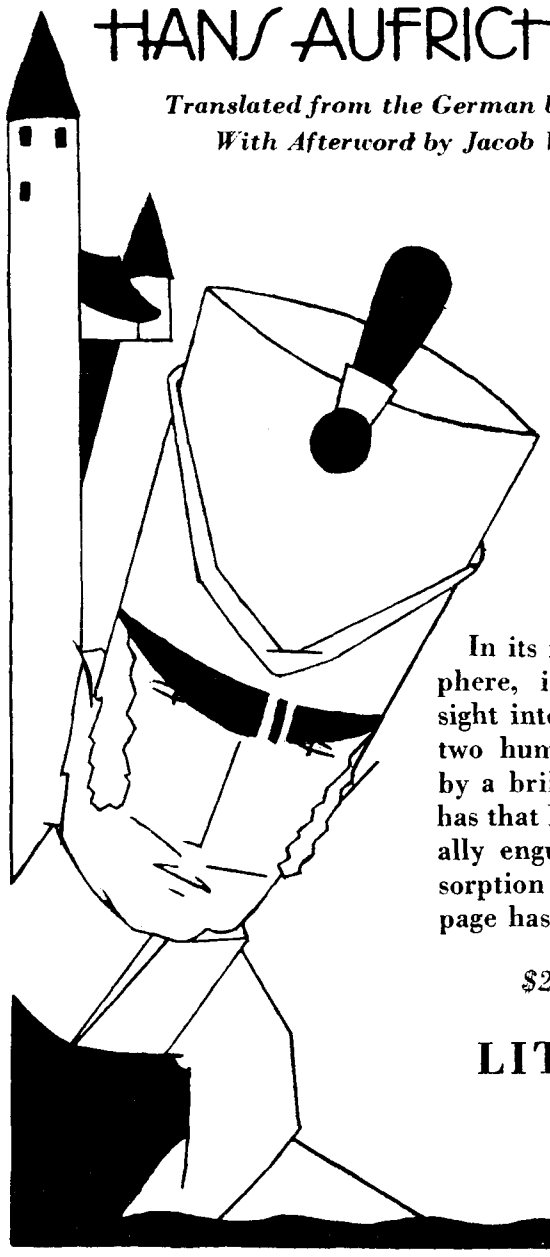
"A true piece of literature."—*London Observer*

THE CASE FOR THE DEFENDANT

By

HANS AUFRICHT-RUDA

Translated from the German by Bernard Miall
With Afterword by Jacob Wassermann



The fascinating story of a young French cavalry officer who, when accused of an assault upon his general's daughter, could not bring himself to give proof of his innocence; and of a strange and pitiable penitent who could not bring herself to confess.

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(*Continued from preceding page*)

ceipt in this country of the various issues of the Newberys of London, Thomas set his presses going to produce replicas of them for the amusement and instruction of American children. He imitated the Newbery issues in all particulars of size and contents, as well as in the flowery and gilt covers. Today the Thomas volumes are highly prized by collectors and have a market value much in excess of the English originals. One little book, several times reprinted by Thomas, was "The History of the Holy Jesus," a rhymed version of the New Testament story, which appears to have been of American origin. It was first issued in 1745 in Boston and attained great popularity. It ran into many editions and was printed in many different towns. In the earlier editions the soldiers of Herod who killed the children in Bethlehem are armed with guns and are flying the Union Jack. The Thomas reprint of "Goody Two Shoes" is of particular interest. The first American edition was dated 1787.

Probably the rarest Thomas juvenile is "Mother Goose's Melody." In 1892, William H. Whitmore wrote a book on this subject and printed therein a facsimile of a copy of the first Thomas edition of 1785. Whitmore's copy lacked the title leaf. In the sale of the Whitmore library in 1902 this ragged copy sold for $45, and a copy of the third edition of 1799, lacking three leaves, sold for $30. The American Antiquarian Society has a fragmentary copy of the Thomas edition of 1786 and complete copies of the editions of 1794 and 1799, the second and third.

But alas, this subject is far too vast for the space at command, and we must reserve the rest of the story for our third and final article which will appear in a fortnight.

A RETORT DIRECT

Solicitous grown-up cousin: "Do you like to read?"

Intelligent boy, age of eight: "Yes, but I wish all books didn't end just alike."

Reviews

SANDALS OF PEARL. By EDITH HOWES. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ANNA SPEED BRACKETT

WHOEVER packs a trunk for the seashore next summer might slip in a copy of this book. It is a brisk, quickly changing presentation of salt-water biology. The author chose a small area of ocean bottom, accurately reported what she saw there, and interpreted it. Though working with a familiar story mechanism, she has contrived a brightly original book.

The story begins with the wonder of a tide pool that glitters with life and color. There are twins, boy and girl, of course; and of course a fairy, and a quest, and sandals of pearl that transform the youngsters into tiny sprites; and down they go to explore the pool, and then out to the sea meadows and forests beyond.

Another "Water Babies"? No; though there is at least one closely parallel passage, and now and again Miss Howes seems not to have forgotten Kingsley's whimsical humor and gentle preachments. But Miss Howes's way of touching up science with humor is to do it always "in character," and often by a bald literalness that is fairly startling, reminiscent rather of the Caterpillar and the Hatter and the March Hare. The creatures of her wonderland have that same superb faith in themselves, speak with abrupt matter-of-factness, and delight in paradox. They are positive personalities; children will not forget them.

Despite certain similarities to earlier tales, the book stands by itself. Its author is an experienced story-teller in the field of science, and an honest one; she offers no false lures and allows herself no meanderings. The swift action of her story and its lively dialogue record a continuous succession of biologic phenomena. What Tony and Neff learn from the preoccupied society that crawls beneath and flashes around them—busy with both industry and makeshift, with cunning and expedient—are the physical and social necessities that determine conduct among its very individualistic members. And alas, like other stories of an underworld, this has its seamy side.

The drawings by Audrey Chalmers are sprightly and delicate, perhaps a bit undertoned by the side of the graphic word pictures; and the typography and design of the book as a whole are excellent.

ADVENTURES IN AFGHANISTAN FOR BOYS. By LOWELL THOMAS. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by MITCHEL V. CHARNLEY
The American Boy

WAZIRISTAN — Khyber Pass — blood feuds and snipers—forbidden Afghanistan—snake charmers and Hindu jugglers—peoples and names and adventures of fascinating interest to boys. Lowell Thomas, sometimes accused of making his living from the great deeds of others—this because of such books as those about Colonel Lawrence—here tells a tale of his own making. And it makes splendid reading.

Thomas is not a polished writer. In "Adventures in Afghanistan for Boys"—a title, incidentally, with which no book deserves to be burdened—he hasn't attempted to do more than narrate with a good deal of color and some humor, exactly what happened to him and to Harry Chase, his one hundred per cent cautionless movie photographer, when they received an invitation from Ameer Amanullah Khan, the monarch of the Afghans, to visit him. The book is good reporting. It might be Thomas sitting before a fireplace and relating, in unvarnished phrase, the perils and near-perils, the tragedy and the comedy of a unique experience.

Though the tale is rambling and connected only by the thin chronological thread of an unhurried trek toward a little-known goal, it moves rapidly enough. Thomas, with a reporter's instinct, has selected his material well. The things he tells are the interesting things: the thrill of the frowning, becannoned Khyber Pass; the chance of a sniper's bullets from the grim, warlike, Khel Afridis; the faked raid on Tank Bazaar—all are worth reading about.

A boy probably wouldn't sit up all night to get to the last chapter of this as he would in a fiction yarn with carefully built-up suspense. But he would read it from cover to cover and be entertained every minute. Moreover—though he shouldn't be told of it—he'd be enlightened about Eastern life and habit and history while he was being amused. It's a good book for a boy's reading table.

TISZA TALES. By ROSIKA SCHWIMMER. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

THE Tisza—in case you are unaware of it—is a tributary of the Danube, and in the beginning of creation, when all the other rivers had been given their due courses to follow, the Tisza somehow got left out. But one of the archangels had a bright idea; he hitched a donkey to a plow, and told the little river it should follow the course that the donkey plowed for it. The donkey liked thistles, and whenever he caught sight of a thistle he turned aside to eat it, this way and that, as the fancy took him, and as he turned and twisted the river had to follow—which is the reason why the Tisza flows in such a crooked and winding bed to this day.

This is one of the stories in Madame Schwimmer's very delightful collection of Hungarian tales; and from the same native imagination that found this way of accounting for the river's vagaries have sprung many other peasant tales as whimsical and amusing. The old legend of Saint Elizabeth and the roses is here, many tales of King Mathias, who like the good caliph used to go disguised among his subjects and administer justice in unexpected ways, and the story of the golden-fleeced lamb and the young man who made the melancholy princess laugh, which has its counterpart in one of the Donegal folktales. This book differs from the usual volume of collected stories, in which the tales are merely set before one like a basket of apples, in that the author has used brief interludes of narratives throughout, not so much to link the tales together as to provide a background of the settings, fishermen's camps on the river bank, farm kitchen, and country spinning or husking bees, in which they were originally told over and over to their native audience—little glimpses which add much to their reality and charm. Madame Schwimmer has the real story-teller's gift in narrative and her book will do much to bring the spirit and atmosphere of her own countryside to American readers. Willy Pogany's brilliant color-work and decorations, with their *motifs* of Hungarian peasant art, make a gay and fitting accompaniment to the stories.

THE STORY OF OLD IRONSIDES. By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by W. O. STEVENS

THE familiar story of the most famous ship of the American Navy is retold in this volume. The telling is attractively managed by the device of having a school athlete, whose leg has been broken, visit his grandfather's work shop during convalescence, to find him busy on a model of the *Constitution*. The boy has found history at school "dry," but he gets interested in the ship and the elder man spins the yarn as he works, punctuated by occasional questions and comments from his listener.

The story is pleasantly told, and a boy of twelve to fifteen should find it very readable. It might have made a still more vivid historical picture if something had been said of what life on a frigate was like a century ago, especially for the mid-shipmen—their sleeping quarters, food, duties, and recreation. Also, perhaps, more about the armament of the period, what the guns were like, and how they were served in battle might have been included.

Here and there is an inaccuracy on the part of the grandfather, as when he attributes to Jefferson instead of to Marcy the saying "to the victor belong the spoils," or when he says that the monument to the slain officers of the Tripolitan War stands in Washington rather than in the Naval Academy grounds at Annapolis, where it has been one of the curiosities of the Yard for two generations at least. It is also a question whether the nickname "Old Ironsides" sprang from the Guerrière action, as the authors give it, or from the bombardment of the Tripolitan forts during which spent cannon balls were observed to bounce off the frigate's sides. This is, at least, an old tradition.

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Author of

"THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL"

DARK HESTER

A mother and son—close, happy, companionable, into their lives comes the son's fiancée, Dark Hester, the modern girl. The conflict of these two women, alike in their uncompromising honesty, worlds apart in their whole outlook on life, makes a novel of passionate intensity.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

DREAMING. An Essay. By GERALD BULLETT. Harpers. 1929. $2.

Mr. Bullett's childhood notion of dreaming was that there were two lives, a Jekyl and Hyde existence of almost two persons; but his maturer conclusion is that dreaming asleep and dreaming awake is a more or less continuous activity of the same creative faculty, drawing from the reservoirs of a memory that subconsciously forgets nothing. That dreams are motived and directed to wish fulfilment was not first discovered by Freud. The poets knew it long ago, and made to "dream" and to "wish" almost synonymous.

Whether or not there is any technical value to the psychology of Mr. Bullett's analysis, it is a felicitous piece of writing. He is a novelist, with six novels to his credit, and has watched his own "creative faculty" before identifying it with the faculty of dreaming, and he writes with charm and precision.

GUDRUN. Done into English by MARGARET ARMOUR. Dutton. 1929. $2.75.

The success of her English prose version of the "Nibelungenlied" has prompted Margaret Armour to translate its companion epic, "Gudrun," into the same form. To English and American readers who are unacquainted with the language of the original, this edition of a delightful bride-stealing saga, with its war and woe, wooing and winning, ought to be exceedingly popular. The present rendering in "slightly archaic" prose, simple and quaint, is faithful in meaning and conjures up with astonishing vividness the spirit of the folk-lore of the races which peopled the shores of the North Sea. The volume is enhanced by full-page "pictures and decorations" from the pen of the translator's husband, W. B. Macdougall.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES BY MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION. Collected by *H. W. Garrod*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

NEW LIGHT ON "PIERS PLOWMAN." By *Allan H. Bright*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THE CRAFT OF POETRY. By *Clement Wood*. Dutton. $3.

A BOOKMAN'S DAY BOOK. By *Burton Rascoe*. Liveright. $3.

SHAKESPEARE'S SILENCES. By *Alwin Thaler*. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

THE CLOUD-MEN OF YAMATO. By *E. V. Gatenby*. Dutton. $1.50.

BELPHÉGOR. By *Julien Benda*. Payson & Clarke. $2.

THE WORLD'S BEST BOOKS. By *William J. Robinson*. Freethought Press Association.

Biography

SWINBURNE. By *Samuel C. Chew*. Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

MY PERILOUS LIFE IN PALESTINE. By *Rosamund Dale Owen*. Duffield. $3.

RICHARD BURDON HALDANE. An Autobiography. Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

AS GOD MADE THEM. By *Gamaliel Bradford*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

WILLIAM GREGG. By *Broadus Mitchell*. University of North Carolina Press. $3.

TRAILS, RAILS AND WAR. By *J. R. Perkins*. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

THOMAS HARDY. By *H. M. Tomlinson*. Crosby Gaige.

LETTERS FROM GEORGE MOORE TO ED. DUJARDIN. Crosby Gaige.

THE LIFE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF FLAMBOROUGH. Edited by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Payson & Clarke. $2.50.

ANASTASIA. By *H. von Rathlef-Keilmann*. Payson & Clarke. $3.50.

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA. By *Gertrude Aretz*. Translated by *Ruth Putnam*. Putnam. $3.50.

AN ELIZABETHAN JOURNAL. By *G. B. Harrison*. Cosmopolitan. $5.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

CAGLIOSTRO. By *Johannes von Guenther*. Harpers. $3.50.

Drama

THE CRADLE SONG. By *G. Martinez Sierra*. Translated by *John Garrett Underhill* and *H. Granville-Barker*. Dutton. $2.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD. By *G. Martinez Sierra*. Translated by *Helen Granville-Barker* and *Harley Granville-Barker*. Dutton. $2.

JULIA ELIZABETH. By *James Stephens*. Crosby Gaige.

Education

ADULT EDUCATION IN HOMEMAKING. By *Verna M. Payson* and *Alice H. Haley*. Century. $2.25.

SCHOOLS. By *Alonzo B. See*. Published by the author.

MODERN LIFE ARITHMETICS. By *John Guy Fowlkes* and *Thomas Theodore Goff*. Macmillan. 6 vols.

Fiction

LEAN TWILIGHT. By EDWARD SHENTON. Scribners. 1928. $2.

Here is the other side of the medal, the atrophy of personality. Edward Shenton begins his story with a young heroine of really unusual charm. She is physically lovely and has more than the usual promise of beauty-infatuated adolescence, but over and above this, she has a touch of the wild spirit with which nature marks her favorites who are to be granted the stranger gifts of life. At the end of the novel, this heroine, Camar O'Neil, is a beautiful middle-aged woman *sans* even a speaking acquaintance with reality, deliberately reading the trivialities of her engagement book, grateful that the wings of life cannot be heard even in the distance. "Lean Twilight" is the record of Camar's careful suppression and final annihilation of her own personality.

The greater part of this death of an individual is very delicately depicted, yet there are astonishing dips into the garish that doubly surprise in contrast with the restraint elsewhere. If the book falls a little short of its intent, it is still far beyond the average in psychological portraiture. Rather ironically, Mr. Shenton's "lean twilight" is arrived at by exactly the opposite path from that fore-feared by Rupert Brooke in the poem from which the novel's title is taken.

PORTRAIT OF A CELIBATE. By ALEC WAUGH. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

When a Frenchman speaks of a *célibataire* the mental picture is not of a monk: more likely he thinks of d'Artagnan. Mr. Waugh's celibate fits the definition of the word, an unmarried person, and James Merrick's celibacy is that of a well-to-do bachelor of the English upper middle class. At fifty he lives comfortably, eats and drinks of the best, enjoys the reputation of a distinguished solicitor who has done his bit in the war and has fought effectively in the cause of fair divorce laws. His dallyings are discreet as those of Aramis, but no religious vow forbade him the more permanent solace of matrimony denied to the little Abbé. Why, then, with all the advantages of wealth, position, health, and intellect did he remain a bachelor?

There will be two opinions about Marian Eager who started divorce proceedings against her husband, Herbert, a quarter of a century ago, and engaged Merrick's firm to prosecute her case, but there will be only one about her husband. A dour north country man, twelve years her senior, he was ill at ease in her smart London set, a gilded Bohemia, in which jealous, quick-tempered, unimaginative husbands have no place. During their falling-out he acquired, albeit temporarily, a mistress. He once struck Marian in public. On the other hand there was no doubt that he loved her with all the force of his crude, domineering nature. He had no patience with the idea that a single slip from conjugal fidelity called for divorce. He was, when all is said, a very decent sort, even if he could not shine in a drawing-room.

That Merrick, the young lawyer, should fall in love with his charming client is natural, and that she should sacrifice herself for what the world considers her lover's best interests, his career, is according to the best fictional tradition. But such an episode in a young man's life when the deepest emotions are involved may have consequences more fatal than an unfortunate marriage. This tale differs from others of its type by revealing how frustration sometimes permanently affects character.

Mr. Waugh's is a very competent handling of a familiar situation. The craftsmanship is of the superior sort that dares to give an epilogue in the first chapter, yet retains the reader's interest through all the processes leading to a known end.

THE HORNS OF RAMADAN. By ARTHUR TRAIN. Scribner's. 1928. $2.

We get the definite impression that "The Horns of Ramadan" is an honest novel. But then, integrity is always characteristic of Mr. Train's work. When he wrote of the law and of social problems we felt that we could trust him, and now that he voyages very far from Mr. Tutt, from "Ambition," and from "His Children's Children," we still believe in him. This latest novel is one of Riffian skirmishes in Northern Africa and of placid American life as lived in Rome, Ohio; we see the Rotarian mind of

(*Continued on next page*)

What Manner of Man Is This?

TO serve in the most terrible war years and to come out of them still hopeful? To find health permanently impaired, career forever broken, yet still remain unembittered. To see old hostilities immediately renewed, and fresh antagonisms springing up, but to believe understanding and freedom entirely attainable? To look upon the cruelties of the law, but remember that laws may safeguard liberty? To confront corruption in high places, yet to expect liberty in government? To suffer with the worker the insecurity of his job, but to go on thinking that liberty of work may still be open? To watch speech muffled, without anxiety for ultimate freedom of conscience and expression? To suffer personally from the devilish instruments science devised for horror and death, but to look for a science that shall give itself utterly to promoting life? To look upon the floundering of the churches and still hope for highest spiritual freedom in religion?

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

a small-town bank president, and we see the mind of an intractable desert chieftain. Both are fairly set forth and judiciously examined. The narrative takes an Ohioan youth, disappointed in love, to the ranks of the Foreign Legion; sets him in the heat of Riffian guerilla warfare; and finally, without too much use of coincidence, unites him with his sweetheart and with his family. Mr. Train has made an error in judgment, we feel, in the slightly didactic tone that he uses in explaining the background of the events; at times we almost feel that we are being given a lesson in geography. But "The Horns of Ramadan" is for the most part unusual and diverting.

THE SHADOW OF GUY DENVER. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $2.50.

Mr. Stephen McKenna's latest book narrates the love passages between an English barrister and playwright, a figure of that fashionable world in which Mr. McKenna so delights, and the restless wife of an able colonial administrator, Sir Guy Denver. The lady and the barrister indulge in what the reader is asked to believe a passionate affair, and then, unable, either of them, to break the news to Guy, they drift apart. In spite of the title, and the author's apparent intention, the novel is less a study of the dominance of a compelling personality, than of the emotional futility of its principals. Mr. McKenna moves as easily as ever in his chosen sphere, his prose and his narative technique are alike unexceptionable; but his polish is without brilliance, his grace without fascination; the credibility of his characters, their complete consistency and skilful drawing, somehow fails to impart to them impressiveness, interest, or more than a faint semblance of life. The story is commonplace, and mere technical facility, unaided by the tragic or the comic muse, can not ward off the shadow of boredom that hangs over it.

THE SONS OF CAIN. By JAMES WARNER BELLAH. Appleton. 1928. $2.

Mr. Bellah writes admirably about the war. In "The Sons of Cain" he analyzes the emotional adjustments and spiritual frictions of a group of officers who are going through the difficult Armistice and post-Armistice days. Throughout his tale we find spirited and intelligent writing; in especial, his pages describing the streets of London during the madness of November 11, 1918, are extraordinarily vivid. "The Sons of Cain" should not be omitted from any list of rewarding novels of the war.

A VOYAGE TO THE ISLAND OF THE ARTICOLES. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated by DAVID GARNETT. Appletons. 1929. $1.50.

In his latest book M. Maurois pokes gentle fun at artists of the autophagous school of Proust. For his Articoles are of course those *qui artes colent*, are indeed those who turn everything in life into art, who value reality only as possible copy. They follow conscientious abstinences with equally conscientious indulgencies, administering to themselves gratified desire or the pangs of despised love, as they might drink whiskey or coffee medicinally, according to what stimulant they feel is needed for their masterpieces. And the threads they spin so carefully from their own vitals, we are scarcely surprised to learn, are becoming a little tenuous and fragile.

Whatever M. Maurois writes is witty and entertaining, and the "Voyage to the Island of the Articoles" is no exception; but the theme of his own satire, like the threads of the Articoles, seems a little fragile and facile. His method may be called the false *reductio ad absurdum*: pretending to carry a position to a logical extreme, actually carrying it to an illogical extreme, and laughing at the result. The fun is pleasant, but hardly worthy of M. Maurois's wit; he is amusing at the expense of a state of affairs which not only does not exist, but which does not seem likely to threaten us; for we are not half so much in danger of the extreme of the Articoles, that of regarding life as merely food for art, as we are of the opposite mistake, of thinking of art as a decoration to be stuck on the outside of life.

MADONNA WITHOUT CHILD. By MYRON BRINIG. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

The heroine of Mr. Brinig's novel is a Manhattanite, a wage slave, and a quadragenarian spinster. To her employer, a brush manufacturer, Mary represents the motive power of a typewriter; to the office force—a dowdy nonentity without personality or sex appeal. Mr. Brinig takes this rather unpromising material and with a sympathy and tenderness astonishing in so young an author describes a woman whose thwarted sex life evokes a compensatory longing,—an insensate craving to mother a child, any child. Despite the abnormality of her puritanical upbringing she does not hate men, but she is only conscious of overwhelming maternal love groping distractedly for its natural expression.

While one is moved to pity Mary, one does not feel that hers is a great tragedy. It is the tragedy of a mediocre person, and the tragedy is entirely personal. Had the Fates been kind, she would have married a clerk, become twice a mother, and ended her days in a banal apartment on Park Avenue. Only in the last chapter does she rise to true nobility of soul, but the alternative is utter despair.

ROCKBOUND. By FRANK PARKER DAY. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

Mr. Day gives us here an honest, rugged novel of fishermen on the islands off the coast of Maine. Rockbound is the name of the island where the Jungs and the Krauses, two families who between them own the smallish island, are perpetually at each other's throats. The central character, David Jung, is a distinct success, and all the lesser characters are sharply outlined. These people are always real, always specifically products of their environment. That environment will impress itself upon the reader and stay with him for a considerable time. The sea is fierce, beneficent, useful—ever present, ever variable; but Mr. Day neither sentimentalizes nor rhapsodizes. All in all, "Rockbound" is excellent narrative, set against an impressive background.

SALAD DAYS. By THEODORA BENSON. Harpers. 1929. $2.50.

A novel of London life without a night club to its name; a novel of smart London débutantes without an indiscreet incident within its pages, "Salad Days" is the story of two young English sisters during the seasons of their introduction to society. They are charming in themselves and witty in their conversation, yet they seem, in some way, concocted rather than born. Do young girls of their age and class still thrill to charades and wonder if men really like to kiss the type of girl who likes to be kissed? In clothes and slang these girls are modern, but in their reaction to life, indeed in the very life they are permitted to react to, there is a touch of that "never-never-land" which is the stronghold of the determinedly bright optimistic novelist.

Yet if Theodora Benson's girls are froth in comparison with those of Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope, they are sparkling froth, even if well under the prescribed American per cent of alcoholic content. In these days when books that are not bad are still so very likely to be boring, "Salad Days" should slip into a pleasant little niche.

JOHN FRENSHAM, K. C. By SINCLAIR MURRAY. Dutton. 1928. $2.

Herein Mr. Murray undertakes to show us the reaction of an upper-class Englishman to love in triangles. John Frensham, rising young barrister, happily married, is confronted with his first love after ten years. He is swept off his feet, and decides to sacrifice everything and elope with her. Sacrificing everything turns out to be no easy trick, however. John finds that making the great decision is only the beginning of a host of complications.

Mr. Murray is quite clever at making complications. In these days, when good plots are few it is a pity that his gift for writing does not keep pace with his knack for constructing a story. There is too much audible creaking of the machinery. The well laid-out diagrams show through the finished picture.

BLOWING WEATHER. By JOHN T. MACINTYRE. Stokes. 1928. $2.50.

This is a breezy tale of the days of the clipper ships and the old port of Philadelphia. A fine love story is projected against a background of exciting adventures with privateersmen, and the political events of the days of Citizen Genet. The chief theme deals with the fortunes of an old shipping firm and the mysterious destiny of its great ships.

The author, John T. MacIntyre, has dealt with this period before and his interest in the city and its history is soon shared by the reader. Although somewhat long, the book is not unprofitable reading for those who like their romance touched with authentic history. It will be a real treat for boys who like adventurous tales of the sea.

MANTIS. By ETHELREDA LEWIS. Simon & Schuster. 1929. $2.50.

The story of how Ethelreda Lewis bought aluminum utensils from one Zambesi Jack, better known as Trader Horn, is history—best-selling history. Now Mrs. Lewis presents America with a romantic novel, solo-work. She has given this novel a glowing South African background which is the most real and living thing in her book.

Mrs. Lewis has written the story of the adventures and love of two entomologists, but the reader will read the story of the African land and creatures. When Jane Tighlir pipes her strange melody on an ancient reed the professor is concerned with her, but you will be concerned with the creatures she calls forth. "In the dim light, figures, dark with the peculiar density of furry skins, moved soundlessly. Black arms swung aloft." Check your irritation at the superficiality of the human element in "Mantis" and delight in the reality of the sub-human. The theme of the "mantis" runs throughout the story on a dual level, the scientific and the supernatural. Expeditions into strange pyramidal tombs, where the mantis is painted upon the walls as a warning to those who too greatly dare, bring the desired thrill to the vertebra, and these strangenesses are never quite explained away by the reports from the British Museum.

COCK PIT. By JAMES GOULD COZZENS. Morrow. 1928. $2.50.

This is an excellent novel. Mr. Cozzens has an acute eye for character, and he can make violence significant. But above all, his scene is important. He takes us to Cuba and holds us there; the sugar fields and the American colony that depends on them for a living are the material of the tale. Seldom does a novel deliver to us a whole mode of life, full and persuasive; "Cock Pit" accomplishes the feat. Mr. Cozzens deserves high praise for enlarging our experience, for opening new vistas of significance.

The manner of "Cock Pit" is indirect, allusive, and suggestive, rather than straightforward. As a result, the story demands a real effort if we are to follow it with understanding. But any such effort is decidedly worth making. When we come to sort out the characters and to appreciate the subtlety with which they are conceived, when we sense the ascending interest and broadening scope of the plot, and when we begin to be aware of the distinction of Mr. Cozzens's mind, we are completely willing to forgive his eccentricity of manner. "Cock Pit" is rich, elemental. Although it is never quite disciplined, it is, as a whole, impressive.

LADY IN MARBLE. By ROBERT E. MCCLURE. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

When a lady in marble is content to stand on a pedestal in a public place in summer heat and winter chill, one accepts perforce her contours and is undisturbed about her inner life. When, however, a lady in marble moves freely about Paris on her own feet, one does demand to know a good deal about her motives and emotions. Robert E. McClure has given us a lady in the latter category, and to one at least he has not given her fully. This has charm as well as disadvantage, since it keeps the lady quite constantly, though irritatingly, before the reader's mind with a perpetual "why?"—and adds to her marble-like quality. Chérie is this lady. She lives in Paris in strange ways. She is beautiful, elegant, poised. She is all sorts of separate things, but what is the secret formula that holds them together?

Mr. McClure tells the story of Chérie in a triangular relationship with a young American couple during their stay in Paris, but the implications stretch away to Chérie's past and on into her future. "Lady in Marble" is a work, full of pregnant inquiries, which just fails of realization. The binding and jacket have been beautifully designed by Guy Arnoux and deserve full mention in themselves.

THE YOUNG LOVERS. By H. C. BAILEY. Dutton. 1929. $2.50.

The title of this book is a misnomer. "The Young Lovers" is a tale of intrigue and adventure during the Napoleonic Wars, and the plot keeps the characters scurrying around so breathlessly that there is precious little time for any nonsense in the way of love-making. Even when they have time for it they aren't particularly good at it, although it is true that at the end two couples do seem to be in a very fair way to get married.

With a young English squire and his father, a cousin, who turns out to be the hero of the piece, and the fair damsel on the next estate as a nucleus, the story picks out characters like a snowball as it rolls along. By the time it has rolled down to Spain, where everybody goes to assist Wellington in routing the French, a fine miscellany has been collected, including a French spy, a long-lost uncle, and the Iron Duke himself, not to mention a formidable array of staff officers. There is much description of the difficulties of the campaign, punctuated by kidnappings of heroines and what-not. The narrative suffers somewhat from incoherency.

(*Continued on page 819*)

DARK STAR

Laurence Stallings says:

Dark Star is a rare novel, and worth the attention of readers who are not inveterate as novel readers. Miss Moon revives the old custom of actually telling a straightforward story simply, yet with great intensity. The story is that of a girl's heart and the drama follows her with sympathy and understanding, in prose that is distinguished for its austerity and clarity. A compelling novel and

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

THE Art Department of the Newark Public Library, noticing a reply to a question about the modern decorative art movement, sends me a leaflet prepared there called "Notes on Modern Design," with a selection of some of the more representative books, portfolios of illustrations and periodicals, on this subject, to be found in this library's collections. The brief introduction is not only a point of departure, but an actual springboard, and the books named concern modern art interpreted, modern art illustrated, modern design, poster art and advertising, and stage design. As there is no price-mark, I fancy a two-cent stamp might bring it, and I hope I do not quite swamp the mailing department when I say that seldom have I found more basic common sense on a subject that needs it than in these introductory paragraphs.

The tastes of readers of this department lightly turn to thoughts of crime, now that blossoms are bright in florist shops. I have been constantly setting people straight in the matter of detective stories of unusual merit, and now comes A. T., Washington, D. C., who needs exciting smuggler tales, well-written and creditable.

LORD TEIGNMOUTH and Charles G. Harper must have been collectors of this literature for a long while, to have gathered so many and such good yarns and biographical sketches in "Smugglers" (Doran). A. H. Verrill has made what amounts to an encyclopedia of the subject in his "Smugglers and Smuggling" (Duffield), which covers all lands and times. Smuggling of contraband is included in W. N. Taft's "On Secret Service" (Harper), named above. George Birmingham's "The Smuggler's Cave" (Bobbs-Merrill) begins with a pageant intended to bring back romantic days in which a certain British port did a little picturesque smuggling on the side, but as some modern survivals of the practice are still going on, they somewhat complicate proceedings when the two enterprises come into contact. Nothing can be more devastating than a pageant, anyway: smuggling is nothing to it for stirring up social animosities.

The Cleveland Public Library, noticing the call of a reader for books on identifying antique specimens of porcelain enamelling on metal, such as snuff boxes, issues a warm invitation to the inquirer, who registered from Cleveland, to try its collections, in which may be found all the books recommended in my reply and several others. I hope that *R. C. H., Cleveland,* whose letter I have filed out of reach, will heed this invitation, for I know from experience what the hospitality of the Cleveland Public Library can be. I know it officially, and what is more, I know it as a private citizen, for one day last Fall, I stopped off there in the course of a lecture tour to remind myself by three days' experience that this city was as remarkable as I remembered it; my hotel was just around the corner from its library, and I spent rainy hours and the scraps of a Sunday incognito, discovering new charms in unexpected corners.

Among the titles thus sent are these, of special interest to such a collector: "The Bric-a-Brac Collector," Lever; "European Enamels," Cunyinghame; "Antiques, Genuine and Spurious," Litchfield; "Battersea Enamels," Mew; and "Mediæval Craftsmanship and the Modern Amateur," Newton Wethered, which contains illustrations of various types of enamelled boxes.

Speaking of Cleveland, Miss Agnes Brooks Young of the Playhouse, author of the excellent book on "Stage Costuming" (Macmillan) often advised in this column, has just taken charge of the costume department of the Yale University Theatre, under George Pierce Baker.

M. M., Beaver Dam, Wis., must address a study club upon the topic, "An Inquiry into Lawlessness," and desires books through which this may be conducted.

TAKING it for granted that the paper is to deal with this subject in its larger aspects without confining itself to lawlessness in Beaver Dam or even in the United States, I suggest as a preliminary survey of the situation "The New Morality," by Durant Drake, Professor of Philosophy at Vassar (Macmillan). It is a statement of the principles of morality that is based on observations of the results of conduct and aims to secure the maximum of realizable happiness for mankind. Since the War the author has been in nearly every European country, including Russia, and though the book is concerned with problems peculiarly pressing in America, they are presented as part of world movements. The chapter on lawlessness and crime will especially interest this reader. Free from sentimentality and from calamity-howling, it may make readers feel that in the general process of revaluation price-tags on many things may have been changed, up or down, so as to be more in accordance with their social values. It does not stop with personal morality, but includes business ethics, esthetic canons, and their connection with morals, and basal ethics in journalism and in politics; it is one of a popular series called "Philosophy for the Layman." Ira S. Wile and Mary Day Winn, in "Marriage in the Modern Manner" (Century), discuss various aspects of the New Matrimony, including wives in business, contraception, and other complications and simplifications, in a sympathetic and reasonable spirit. Indeed the book is so reasonable and sympathetic that it sounds quite middle-aged; however, the very people who should read it are the young, who are justly and of necessity unsympathetic and unreasonable. If you wish to learn why we are born gamblers, as Dr. George A. Dorsey says we are, or how our job fits us, or why words boss us, or why we sleep so much, or (in chapter four) "How do you get that way?" there is the new continuation of Dr. Dorsey's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," already a best-seller, "Hows and Whys of Human Behavior" (Harpers).

The new morality comes into play in one of the few novels of recent years completely sympathetic with both generations in a radical difference of opinion materially affecting both. This is Gerard Hopkins's "Seeing's Believing" (Dutton). Here are a young couple who set a torpedo under the ark of respectability, a mother whose first concern is for the ark, and a father whose prime interest is in the well-being of the young couple. The reader is forced to go through some of the father's efforts at readjustment, and the story, however its outcome may impress the anxious moralist, is told with extraordinary fairness. More, for instance, than is displayed in W. B. Trites's "Ask the Young" (Gollancz), a brilliant skit, which briskly spanks the rising generation before allowing it to sink back into the complete conventionality the author sees ahead for young rebels—for he evidently believes the wilder the habits the tamer the Babbitts. The title is taken from a Chinese proverb (source of so many anonymous and sententious statements), "Ask the young; they know everything." A young man, Harold Acton—one of those lately greeted by Evelyn Waugh in a manifesto in the *Evening Standard* as a leader of the Younger Generation—has given us in an almost too competent novel called "Humdrum" (Harcourt, Brace) a curious working-out of the new freedom in minds that would be the better for limitations. The good sister and the bad sister never changed places more completely than in this picture of the passing world. The new morality is once more shown up against the old by Floyd Dell in his "Souvenir" (Doubleday, Doran).

S. D. M., Milwaukee, Wis., noticing a call for books on literary criticism, calls attention to a new and valuable addition to this group, "The Criticism of Literature," by Elizabeth Nitchie, associate professor of English in Goucher College, published by Macmillan. This is a textbook for those who intend to be professional critics, or for teachers of literature, or for the general reader looking for some fundamental principles to guide him in his appreciation of the classics and to induce a discriminating attitude toward modern books. With each section there are exercises and references; drama and poetry are included. *I. McF., Yonkers, N. Y.,* thinks that the reader beginning a stamp collection would be interested in a new book just issued by the Scott Stamp & Coin Co. with just this purpose in mind. It is called "Stamp Collecting, Why and How," and is by P. H. Thorp, managing editor of the *Scott Monthly Journal* and a stamp collector of note. It contains the information most needed by one not familiar with the technique of stamp collecting. This correspondent has also a good word for the very popular "Pageant of Civilization," by Warren (Century), lately noticed in another reply: this illustrates about twelve hundred stamps and discusses the significance of the pictures on them.

(Continued on next page)

Books Worth Reading

The Aftermath
{1918-1928}
by
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL
Author of "The World Crisis"

This is the history of the Peace that followed the World War, a tremendous panorama of world affairs from Armistice Day, 1918, down to the present day. Like "The World Crisis," it is dramatic, vivid, and superbly written.
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The Re-discovery of America
by Waldo Frank, *author of "Rahab," etc.*

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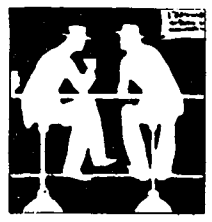

A Native Argosy
by Morley Callaghan
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The Road
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Translated by VAN WYCK BROOKS

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Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

W. *E., San Francisco, Cal.,* is more than anxious to learn the name of the author of "The Altar Fire," a diary edited by Arthur Christopher Benson and published here in 1907, she thinks by Putnam, but they say not. She wishes to read everything else that this diarist has written. *J. C., Asheville, N. C.,* replying to the inquiry from Santa Fé about Thompson, "who has long been among my loves," says that his works have been added to Everyman's Library. *J. K. L., Brooklyn,* asks for information on Spanish literature of the twentieth century. "Contemporary Spanish Literature," by Aubrey Bell (Knopf), comes the nearest to the present; it runs from 1868 to 1920. *L. H., New Orleans, La.,* asks for books on cataloguing a private library, a large part of which has been bought on the suggestions of this department. I only wish I had as good suggestions for putting it into shape as I seem to have given for gathering it. There are books on cataloguing for public libraries—"The Catalog," a pamphlet of the American Library Association, and the code of author and title entries, "Catalog Rules," published by the same organization—but these have only indirect bearing on the problems of the home library cataloguer. These are largely personal; even if a good book were published telling how one person did it, it would have interest, but not much usable advice, for another with different uses for books and different kinds of books to use. As for me, I am always intending to make a card catalogue, and I suppose if I ever reach the heaven of good intentions I shall be given a set of nice asbestos cards and told to get it done with. But so far, on earth my chief method of arrangement is by height; I never hope to have enough shelf-room to be able to put a history with the tall histories when it happens to be a short one. Indeed, when I bought a coöperative apartment the other day I was singularly unconcerned with wallpapers in the rooms that are to house this invaluable department. "Run 'em up to the ceiling," I always say to the carpenter, and up to the ceiling he runs 'em, however low or high that level may be; from long experience, he has learned to take out transoms and put in shelves for Everymans and the Today and Tomorrow series, and otherwise to tuck away literature in unconventional spots.

B. K., Boston, Mass., expects to go by steamer to Savannah, taking a motor car, and making the return journey in it by easy stages. The list of books on New Orleans lately offered in this column leads him to ask for similar suggestions good for planning such a route and for documenting it.

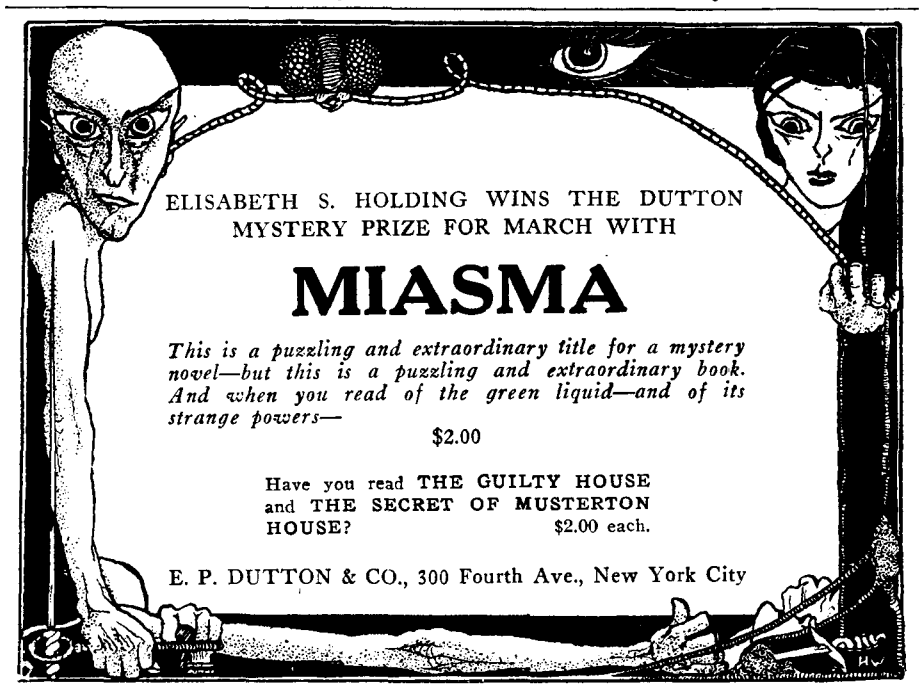
FOR planning this tour I would get "On Wandering Wheels," by Jan and Cora Gordon (Dodd, Mead), because it covers much this line of country. These "two vagabonds," who have given us enlivening books about European travel, acquired a car whose qualities may be guessed from its title, "The Happy Hearse," and journeyed from New York and Philadelphia by way of Baltimore and Washington, the caverns of the Shenandoah and Richmond, zigzag to Charleston, S. C.; then to Savannah, Atlanta, Knoxville, through the Cumberland Gap and the Blue Grass district to Pittsburgh; then through Johnstown and the Mennonite country back to the starting-point, and then northward. This gives these travellers a choice of routes for return, and either way the Gordons will make the road open and attractive. The more prosperous motorist need not be above advice here offered to the owner of a flivver, for it amounts to suggestions on keeping the eyes and the sympathies open and the mind in good working order, with less attention to speedometers and more to scenery and, above all, to folks.

So many others are planning motor trips and asking for additions to the automobile blue books that I may add "What to See in America," by Clifton Johnson (Macmillan), a one-volume, illustrated guide to the scenic and historic attractions of the continent; "The Family Flivvers to Frisco," by F. F. Van de Water (Appleton), making four thousand miles from New York to San Francisco in thirty-seven days, camping every night, and an unusual help to tourists, not only for planning but for budgetting journeys; Frederick Collins's "American Travel Charts and Travel Chats" (Bobbs-Merrill), which follows one of the same kind for European tours. In case anyone wants to walk it, Vachel Lindsay's "Handy Guide for Beggars" (Macmillan) will give him the technique and the route, through Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; poets will get the most from it, but there is no reason why anyone should miss it.

Moving southward from Philadelphia, we have "Old Roads out of Philadelphia," by John T. Farris (Lippincott), and the same author's "Old Trails and Roads in Penn's Land" (Lippincott). There is the "Book of Washington," by Robert Shackleton (Penn); Louise P. Latimer's "Your Washington and Mine" (Scribner); and "Walks About Washington," by Francis Leupp (Little, Brown), all of which I have tested on the ground; H. G. Dwight's "Versailles on the Potomac" (Harper) had not appeared when I was exploring the nation's capitol in the week-ends of a war summer, but I would take his word for his Washington. Paul Wilstach's "Mount Vernon" (Doubleday, Doran) is a book to own, and the pictures in his "Jefferson and Monticello" (Doubleday, Doran) are beautiful. The photographs in "In Tidewater Virginia," by Dora C. Jett (Whittet), are of scenes on plantations and picturesque buildings; moving down the map one uses John T. Faris's "Seeing the Sunny South" (Lippincott).

Novels are asked for as well, and for Charleston there are old ones and new: Owen Wister's "Lady Baltimore" (Macmillan), John Bennett's legend of creole days, "Madame Margot" (Century), and the novels of DuBose Heyward, "Porgy" and the new "Mamba's Daughters" (Doubleday, Doran). Plantation life under the old régime is exquisitely recorded in Margaret Fuller's "One World at a Time" (Century); this unusual writer has just produced another unusual novel, "Her Son" (Century). Georgia has "Uncle Remus," and I was first convinced of the existence of the State, a good while ago, by Constance Fenimore Woolson's gently melancholy "East Angels" (Harper). Tennessee has "Bright Metal," by T. S. Stribling (Doubleday, Doran), if you are a tax-payer, and "The Happy Mountain," by Maristan Chapman (Viking), if you are only passing through, and Baltimore in the 'fifties figures in F. Hopkinson Smith's "Kennedy Square" (Scribner).

The British police recently seized all copies of "The Sleeveless Errand" at the publishers and booksellers. The book, which is the first novel of Miss Norah C. James, was to have been on sale on the day of the seizure, but the review copies were sent out about ten days before. It is said to have been the first occasion for a good many years of confiscation before publication.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THERE has appeared during the past few years a growing tendency on the part of collectors and dealers to lay so great an amount of emphasis upon bindings in general that no one now dares to hope for modest prices in connection with any volume that seems to be in its original state. Original boards, original bindings, back-labels intact, all these have become so intensely a matter of faith and superiority that any poor creature who buys Jane Austen, for example, rebound, because he prefers frankly to have durable half calf instead of impermanent boards, has either to hide his possession, or else endure in confusion the sniffs of his acquaintances. Sensitive souls shudder at the sight of leather tooled in gold, and crow with delight at a vision of Disraeli's "Vivian Grey" in a state of perfect preservation, with each volume nicely done up in an individual slip-case. To an outsider, this passion is merely another manifestation of the collecting mania; a library, to his simple mind, represents a collection of books intended to be read and enjoyed, not simply to be used for exhibition purposes, or gazed at from a safe distance while the owner indulges in outbursts of lyricism dealing largely with the beauty of an unopened copy of something.

There is much that may be said in favor of an original binding. It indicates more clearly than anything else contemporary ideas of book-making, and assures the possessor that his volume, with full-size pages and untrimmed margins, represents the nearest approach possible for him at this distance to the author himself and his manuscript. It is reasonable to suppose that in this very form the author saw his work printed for the first time; and no real collector wishes to escape from anything that may help to bring him into closer contact with his particular adoration. Consider, for instance, the drab, lifeless binding stamped with an atrocious design that encloses "Scenes of Clerical Life," or the equally unlovely one in which "Barchester Towers" first appeared; it is true, of course, that both George Eliot and Anthony Trollope were far more interested in bringing their ideas and their stories before the reading public than they were in adding another esthetic insult to life, but even though one may deplore in the silence of charity such artistic insensibility on the part of these two to the outward appearance of their works, the inherent charm of such ugly bindings still transforms everything into a kind of memorial to their genius, and effectively silences criticism. It is impossible to think even vaguely of George Eliot in anything but some variation of uninspired, dirty brown.

An original binding, also, does away with the danger, invariably anticipated by fussy persons, of some essential loss in the process of acquiring a new dress. Several years ago, a dealer sold a set of Thackeray—presumably all first editions—to an unsuspecting innocent: the books had been rebound gorgeously in blue morocco with the original covers and back-strips included at the end of the volumes, as an additional thoughtful touch. The entire collection presented to the public the binder's art in its highest form, filled the shelves assigned to it with distinction, and remained a monument to the triumph of good taste and uniformity. Unfortunately, it was discovered after a time that nothing was right; the margins had all been reduced to polite white strips; a binding essential for determining a first or second issue had been lost; a second edition included for its preface was quite without its distinguishing mark; and one or two volumes seemed most unreasonably to be present. The worst, so eagerly and patiently awaited, had happened in this instance—original cloth was once more brilliantly vindicated.

It is a fascinating pastime to meditate upon what collectors of 1990 will make of the oranges, purples, and speckled yellow that cover the books of the present time, and to wonder in what manner they will treat the insane designs on the dust wrappers—will they occasionally murmur in faint surprise as some new combination of plum and scarlet bursts upon them in a dealer's window, or will they all be clamoring for the sedater color schemes of Mr. Alfred A. Knopf? And will the red of the Mark Twain and William Dean Howells bindings last that long without fading? After all, the publishers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were not in the habit of worrying over boards, or neat floral designs stamped on colored cloth, nor were their brothers of the eighteenth century, who could advertise casually that their publications would be bound up to suit the taste of those purchasers who preferred something more durable than paper wrappers, any more concerned with such matters. It was only with the coming of the nineteenth century, and the dawn of self-consciousness, that anything was done automatically about bindings; then boards appeared, lovely, fragile things that have now to be protected at all times in slip-cases, and can never be handled except by the most reverent hands. If the authors are lost sight of in the pursuit of correct outward coverings, it is no matter—immortality is often obtained by unexpected means, and original boards may serve that purpose as well as anything else.

G. M. T.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

Sotheby & Company, London. March 25 through 28, inclusive. Valuable printed books, autograph letters, and literary manuscripts, the property of several owners. St. Thomas Aquinas, "Quæstiones De Duodecim Quodlibet," Ulm, 1475; his "Super Quarto Libro Sententiarum," Cologne, 1480; Wenceslaus Brack, "Vocabularius Rerum," Augsburg, 1478, one of only four books known from this press; several collections of tracts by Martin Luther; Gaston III, comte de Foix, "Phebus des Deduiz de la Chasse des Bestes Sauuaiges," Paris, A. Verard, c. 1507; A. Lafreri, "Speculum Romanæ Magnificentiæ," 1548-1592, one of the first and most complete collections of the ancient monuments of Rome as they were in the sixeenth century; Caxton's "Chronicles of England," Westminster, 10 June, 1480, and his "Description of Britain," 18 August, 1480; the first issue of the Third Folio with the portrait and date on the title; Boswell's "Johnson," 1791, uncut; presentation copy to Charles Lever of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," 1859; Thomas Hardy's "Desperate Remedies," 1871, bound in green cloth; Lamb, "Beauty and the Beast," the first and second editions; Shelley, "Queen Mab," 1813; "Rosalind and Helen," 1819; and "Prometheus Unbound," 1820, all in original boards, uncut; a presentation copy of Surtees's "Hawbuck Grange," 1847, from the author to Thackeray; two pages of the autograph manuscript of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," six lines of stanza 18, and stanzas 19 and 20 from Canto IX, given by G. H. Lewes to William Bell Scott; seventeen lines of Keats's "I stood tiptoe upon a little hill"; a page quarto written on both sides of Dickens's "O'Thello"; William Blake, "The Passions," the autograph manuscript of six and one-half pages; an unpublished review of W. C. Hazlitt's "Table-Talk," by Charles Lamb, eleven sheets, folio, in his autograph; and many letters of Robert Burns, Coleridge, Dickens, Stevenson, and Thackeray.

As might reasonably have been expected, Mr. Horace Liveright has just announced an autographed edition, limited to 750 copies of Eugene O'Neill's latest play, "Dynamo," at the price of $25. Subscriptions accompanied by this amount are to be accepted strictly in the order of their receipt, with the understanding that remittances which arrive after the edition has been completely subscribed, are to be returned. With the rather brilliant appearance of George Bernard Shaw in American auction rooms this season, it is wise to suppose that before long Mr. O'Neill will have the happy experience of seeing his own first editions selling for high prices.

G. M. T.

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John Donne

NONESUCH PRESS has just published (New York, Random House) a handy one-volume edition of the complete poetry and selected prose of John Donne, in format uniform with "The Writings of William Blake." It is compact, narrow twelve-mo. of eight hundred thin pages, admirably set in small, clear, heavy-faced type, making a book pleasant to handle and easy to read. Here is good printing. If those who are inclined to regard with favor the great sprawling pages of English octavos because they are printed on esparto grass, and so are light to handle (though containing no great amount of matter), will take up this book, they will see what English printing at its best is when it goes into a trade edition. With everyone, from the patron of the circulating library to the subscriber to the Ashendene editions, to be satisfied, there is no Ideal Book, but from England we get no more normal books, typographically, than such issues as this Nonesuch Donne.

R.

Announced for Publication

LES COSTUMES RÉGIONAUX DE LA FRANCE, by HENRY ROYÈRE, two hundred color plates by GRATIANE DE GARDILLANE and ELIZABETH W. MOFFAT. Limited edition. Four vols., large folio. $275. The Pegasus Press (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).

This is a magnificent series of drawings of eighteenth and nineteenth century French costumes, the reproductions being done in the most elaborate manner by the *pochoir* (stencil) process. The work size of the plates is about 10X15 inches.

THE VILLAS OF PLINY, a Study of the Pastimes of a Roman Gentleman, by GEOFFREY BRET HARTE. Drawings and reproductions from photographs. Limited edition. $7.50. The Shakespeare Head Press (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

EARLY PRINTING IN NEW ORLEANS, 1764-1810, by DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE. With a bibliography of the Louisiana Press. 410 copies. $10. Searcy & Pfaff, New Orleans.

A STORY-TELLER'S HOLIDAY, by GEORGE MOORE. Autographed edition. 1250 copies. $20. Horace Liveright.

Payson & Clarke announce the recent publication of the life of the DUKE OF FLAMBOROUGH, the eminent English Button-collector, by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. It ought to be worth while.

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SKIPPER JOAN LOWELL *climbs to the top of the best-seller rigging on board* "THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP"

If any readers are tired of hearing about best-sellers, now is the time to cancel their subscriptions to *The Inner Sanctum*.

This week the three fastest-moving items [yes, even *Moby Dick* is an item in the word racket] in the field of general literature are all adorned with the sowers rampant of Thirty Seven West 57th Street:—

The Cradle of the Deep
The Art of Thinking
Believe It Or Not!

Your correspondent began this week's column in a state of almost incoherent delight, contemplating a recapitulation of all national, local, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and San Francisco best-seller lists, with Brooklyn and Newark thrown in for good measure. With one exception, these metropolitan non-fiction lists showed either

(a) FIRST PLACE FOR *The Art of Thinking* AND SECOND PLACE FOR *Believe It Or Not!* . . . . OR

(b) FIRST PLACE for *Believe It Or Not!* and second place for *The Art of Thinking*.

Just as *The Inner Sanctum* was about to engage in its favorite pastime of conclusion-leaping, all the generalizations about public preference went up in an outburst of roman candles, when the roving sales manager telephoned in a front-line report from Brentano's that within twenty-fours after its release to a panting, sea-farin' populace Joan Lowell's South Sea saga, *The Cradle of the Deep*, had sky-rocketed into first place!

As in the days of peak sales for WILL DURANT, *The Inner Sanctum* is just gritting its teeth and bearing it philosophically.

JOAN LOWELL has become the darling of the columnists, drawing twenty-one gun salutes ["raves" is the technical expression in the trade] from

MARK [*Behind-the-News*] HELLINGER
WALTER [*Making Whoopee*] WINCHELL
FRANKLIN [*Visible House Number*] ADAMS
HARRY [*First Reader*] HANSEN
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and, by a strange coincidence . . . . . .

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THE PHOENIX NEST

THE Crime Club sends us advance proofs of *Joseph Auslander's* poem of tough life, his underworld saga of the squared circle and the electric chair. It is extremely easy to read, and its lingo is accurate. "The Kid" speaks, Father Caffery speaks, the author speaks,—the steel-hard story is told. Naturally, *Joseph Moncure March's* "The Set-Up" leaps to the mind immediately for purposes of comparison. These narratives are a new development in verse,—and yet, are they? One remembers the fight in *Masefield's* "The Everlasting Mercy," and other descriptions in his narratives in rhythm. — Despite the English setting, he pointed the way. Even as March, however, Auslander deserves credit for his poem. We cannot call it a major achievement, but we have been most interested in it. It is real life caught on the screen starkly and vividly. . . .

Speaking of criminology and slang, there is a "Slanglossary" to Auslander's poem, and there is also a glossary to "Let Tomorrow Come," by *A. J. Barr*, published by W. W. Norton & Company, a glossary of criminal slang. The book contains its own poetry, as well as drama, though written in prose. It is a first-hand view of criminals and their lives. Do you know what is meant by a "mug," a "rap," a "hook," a "tommy," or a "rumble"? . . .

In April Scribner's is publishing "The Life of Lady Byron," by *Ethel Colburn Mayne*, who has long been a recognized authority on Byron. We are glad, as we think we have already remarked, to see the wives of celebrities coming into their own, Tolstoy's wife, Dostoievsky's wife, now Byron's wife. . . .

We are glad to see the late *Keith Preston's* many delightful verses now gathered together in "Pot Shots from Pegasus," published by Covici-Friede. Not all who read him as columnist of the *Chicago Daily News* knew his special studies in the "Diction of the Sermo Amatorious of the Latin Comedy," or that he became Professor of Latin at Northwestern. *Christopher Morley* has written an introduction to "Pot Shots." One of the best of Preston's compact verses is this one:

MYSTERIOUS DISPENSATIONS
Lame Byron's verses never limp,
Blind Milton's mind was never dim,
But Edgar Guest writes as he does,
Though sound in sight and wind and limb.

Another quatrain that we have heard attributed to various people who didn't write it is the celebrated

THE LIBERATORS
Among our literary scenes,
Saddest this sight to me,
The graves of little magazines
That died to make verse free.

That poem went all over the country in a hundred garbled versions. The above is the only correct one. And almost as good is Preston's couplet on the author of "Show Boat." He entitled it

ON THE AMOUNT OF EATING IN THE NOVELS OF EDNA FERBER
For tasty food in toothsome diction
Order Edna Ferber's gefüllte fiction.

The second part of "Pot Shots" is prose. Much of it is witty, but Preston will be remembered longer for his barbed and beribboned verses. He was the columnist with the best literary taste of his time. . . .

Naomi Royde-Smith's "The Lover" (Harper's) is one of the most beautiful bits of prose writing we have come across for some time. We admire it intensely. And another new Harper book distinguished for its style is *Richard Hughes's* "The Innocent Voyage." It is his first novel. Heretofore his poems, his plays, his short stories have attracted attention, but he had not yet attempted longer prose. From a rapid glance through the book he seems to have been singularly successful. . . .

Morley Callaghan is before us again with "A Native Argosy." His publisher, of course, is Scribner's. His new book is composed of different stories, featuring many different characters. . . .

Vachel Lindsay's "The Litany of Washington Street" is a peculiar book, Vachel's own strange contribution to the analysis of American history. One of his opinions he has expressed in a spirited poem, though it is not in this book, the gist of which is, "The Virginians are coming again!" . . .

Crosby Gaige has beautifully printed and bound "Julia Elizabeth," a comedy in one act by *James Stephens*. It is an amusing small work. Eight hundred and sixty-one copies have been done by the Pynson Printers and signed by Mr. Stephens. . . .

Alice Mary Kimball's "The Devil is a Woman" stands out among recently published books of poems. These essentially Yankee tales in verse, directed against the great god Stupidity, have pith and irony and deep humor. They are utterly of New England.

The Literary Lobby, a bookstore near us, which took its name from the original book column we used to run in the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post*, sends us a postal telling us what best books of the spring we ought to buy. We regret to say that this is rather bringing coals to Newcastle. But we are interested in the Lobby's listing of what it considered the six best spring books already out at the time. They were, in the Lobby's opinion: "Dodsworth," "When William Came," by *"Saki"*; "The Square Egg," by *"Saki"*; "Murder on 'B' Deck," by *Vincent Starrett*; the "Further Poems of *Emily Dickinson*," and the two volumes of the *Katherine Mansfield* Letters. . . .

Macaulay has brought out in a large volume a symposium on "Sex in Civilization," edited by *V. F. Calverton* and *Samuel D. Schmalhausen*, with an introduction by *Havelock Ellis*. Thirty acute minds have contributed to the book, among them *William McDougall, Joseph Jastrow, Waldo Frank, Margaret Sanger, Arthur Garfield Hays, Kenneth MacGowan, Arthur Davison Ficke*, and *Robert Morss Lovett*. The volume is a pioneer attempt to face with intelligent courage the problems of sex in civilization. . . .

John Dewey is delivering the Gifford lectures at the University of Edinburgh, the first American to deliver these lectures since *William James*. In the late summer his new book, "The Quest for Certainty," will be published by Minton, Balch & Company, based on these lectures. Professor Dewey will probably spend the summer on the Continent. . . .

Stokes advises us that they informed us by error that *Joanna Cannan* was the daughter of *Gilbert Cannan*. She is in fact the daughter of Charles Cannan, Fellow and formerly Dean of Trinity College, Oxford, and merely a cousin of Gilbert. . . .

One of the most interesting of the two February additions to The Modern Library is *Professor Gardner Murphy's* "An Outline of Abnormal Psychology." This is not a reprint, but is the first book of its kind to be published. The volume includes a series of articles by leading specialists on every phase of nervous and mental abnormality. . . .

Under the title of "Luck of the Week" the Portsmouth, Ohio, *Sun* prints the following:

From the "Compleat Collector" of the *Saturday Review's* notice of the Kern Sale: "She Stoops in the original blue wrappers."

Guy Holt of The John Day Company informs us that that Company has arranged with *Leonard Doughty* for the publication at some future date of an anthology of "Ferocius Sonnets," the idea of which originated in this column. Can any of our readers give Doughty (not to mention old John Day) assistance in compiling a really comprehensive anthrology, by sending in sonnets in the fullest variety to Doughty, care of his new publishers? Doughty has amassed a great many, but not all outbursts of the splenetic muse and frenzies of noble hatred. Give this doughty warrior a big hand!

Horace Carlisle, the poet of Washington, who recently suggested running a daily poem on the front page of the *Congressional Record*, is certainly one ambitious Alabaman. But that ought to be Mr. *Edgar A. Guest's* meat. . . .

The second Atlantic Prize Novel Competition for $10,000 in addition to book royalties booms merrily along. The money will be paid for "the most interesting novel of any kind, sort, or description submitted before January 15, 1930, to the Atlantic Monthly Press, 8 Arlington Street, Boston. . . .

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 814)

EILLEY ORRUM. By *Swift Paine.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

YES MAN'S LAND. By *H. C. Wittwer.* Putnam. $2.

LET IT LIE. By *John Goodwin.* Putnam. $2.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MARSH. By *Doris Pocock.* Appleton. $1.75.

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SUMMER LIGHTNING. By *George F. Hummel.* Liveright. $2.50.

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INTO THE WIND By *Richard Warren Hatch.* Macmillan. $2.

PARISH'S FANCY. By *Walter Guest Kellogg.* Day. $2.50 net.

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LET TOMORROW COME. By *A. J. Barr.* Norton. $2.50.

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV. By *Fyodor Dostoyevsky.* Translated by *Constance Garnett.* Modern Library. 95 cents.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE. By *Frances Hickok.* Hale, Cushman & Flint. $2.

History

THE MISSION OF GREECE. Edited by R. W. LIVINGSTONE. Oxford University Press. 1928. $2.50.

Everyone is interested in practical philosophy, even one who does not recognize the reality under the name. The Greeks of the post-classical period were largely interested in developing a philosophy of life that was practical and workable. Mr. Livingstone has collected in the present volume the thoughts of a considerable group of Greek writers in the Hellenistic and Roman world and has presented them in such a way that they are entirely intelligible to the general reader. Here is a good piece of work consisting of excellent selections, admirably woven together by ample and intelligent comment. Here are clearly presented the streams of Greek reason from the schism that followed Socrates and Plato down to the days of Lucian. To the writer himself the leading interest is probably the sources of intellectual decline in this later Greek world culminating in the fourth century. We venture to say that for the reader a greater interest will be found in the origins of modern thought as they emerge in the great Stoics and in the Sophists. For the men who pursued literature for literature's sake contribute to modern life just as truly as the philosophers and preachers.

The fact that the leading figures of this book are less well known to the modern reader than are the historians and philosophers, dramatists, and other poets of the classical period adds a zest and novelty not always present in books on Greek life and letters. At the same time novelty has not been used as an excuse for superficiality. The material is solid and the treatment sound. Mr. Livingstone has opened fresh fields of interest with the ability of a real scholar to attract the uninitiated without insulting their intelligence.

LAFAYETTE AND THREE REVOLUTIONS. By *John Simpson Penman.* Stratford. $5.

THE ROAD TO OREGON. By *W. J. Ghent.* Longmans, Green. $5.

THE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF STATE AND THEIR DIPLOMACY Edited by *Samuel Flagg Bemis.* Knopf. $4 net.

AN HOUR OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By *Samuel Eliot Morison.* Lippincott. $1.

International

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE AND AFTER. By YAMATO ICHIHASHI. Stanford University Press. 1928.

Mr. Ichihashi was secretary and interpreter to Viscount Kato, the chief of the Japanese delegation of the Washington Conference. His duties required his presence at the confidential meetings of the "Big Three"—Hughes, Balfour, and Kato. He is therefore in a position to make known the secrets of the closely guarded sessions by means of which the Washington Conference was guided to a successful conclusion.

The author speaks with apparent frankness and fulness of what went on at these meetings. It is a testimony to the fair and aboveboard methods of the Washington gathering that there is practically nothing in Mr. Ichihashi's book which is not already well known. He brings out, a little more clearly perhaps than has been done before, the manner in which the British let down the Japanese in regard to fortifying Pacific naval bases. He gives new emphasis to the way in which France was made a sort of scapegoat for the things the Conference did not accomplish. Otherwise the story of the Washington gathering stands as it stood before.

Nevertheless, Mr. Ichihashi's book is a welcome addition to the literature on the subject. To begin with, he has shaken himself quite free from national prejudices. He is pleading the cause neither of Japan nor of anyone else. He is simply telling what happened. And he tells the story in the most readable and entertaining form in which it has yet appeared.

POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD, 1929. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1929.

When the first "Political Handbook of the World" was issued by the Council on Foreign Relations last year, it immediately found a place within easy reach of every alert editor and publicist. Its outline of the governmental situation in each country of the world, its clear-cut presentation of the policies of various political parties, its relation of the various great papers of the world to various economic and political groups, were invaluable to the busy analyst of international affairs.

The present volume brings all of this information down to date in the same useful form. This year, however, the United States has been included. We are so close to ourselves and are so accustomed to looking at ourselves at short range that there is a certain mild shock in finding ourselves toeing the line with the rest of the world. Yet here we are standing between Turkey and Uruguay in impartial alphabetical order. And we can read in ten pages just what our government is, just what our party platforms are, and just what allegiances our great papers profess. Foreigners using the book will experience the same difficulty that Americans have in discerning what difference in purpose distinguishes the Republican and Democratic parties.

CANADA IN THE COMMONWEALTH. By *Sir Robert Borden.* Oxford University Press. $3.75.

DISARMAMENT. By *Salvadore de Madariaga.* Coward-McCann. $5.

OUR CHANGING CIVILIZATION. By *John Herman Randall.* Stokes. $3.

Juvenile

The Children's Bookshop appears on page 810.

Miscellaneous

THE OLD QUACKS OF LONDON. By C. J. THOMPSON. Lippincott. 1929. $4.

This is a book to sample for oddities, rather than for continuous reading. Humbug and credulity run in grooves. The London quacks of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are all rather similar in their methods, and humbug in the twentieth century follows the same simple lines. "If anyone is bold enough to assert that he has a remedy which cures certain diseases and reiterates it often and loudly enough, he is sure to get a following of believers." Mr. Thompson has searched various collections of old advertisements and brought together evidence that the quack flourished in London in more jubilant numbers than anywhere else.

But if the thing itself is much the same, the language has changed; and there is something in Elizabethan and Jacobean English which arouses the envy of a writer in the pallid idioms of our era. A late sixteenth century writer blows himself off (that is not a bad idiom, though a twentieth century possession) on quacks and other purveyors of bunk (an admirable word) in a way that cannot be done today, and in the following manner, as quoted by Mr. Thompson: "Runnigate Jews, the cutthroats and robbers of christians, slow-bellyed monkes who have made their escape from their cloysters, simoniacall and perjured shavelings, shifting and outcast Pettifoggers, Trasonicall chymists, lightheaded and trivial Druggers and Apothecaries, sunshunning nightbirds, corner-creepers, dullpated and base Mechanickes, stageplayers, Jugglers, Pedlers, Prittle-prattling barbers, filthie Grasiers, curious bath keepers, common shifters, cogging cavaliers, lazy clowns, toothless and tattling old wives, chattering char-women, Dog-leeches, and such like baggage."

What glorious language! And how it foams with wrath!

THE VILLAS OF PLINY. A Study of the Pastimes of a Roman Gentleman. By GEOFFREY BRET HARTE. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $7.50.

This is the sort of book that used to be destined for a gentleman's library; and in an age when gentlemen are not so likely to be able to afford libraries, unless they bought General Motors in time, it should at least appeal to those whose descendants will be gentlemen. Mr. Harte's pleasant account of Pliny's country houses and the life that went on in them has been admirably printed by the Shakespeare Head Press at Stratford. Illustrated with drawings by Max Roeder, and reproductions of busts found in Pliny's villas, it gives a pictorial as well as a descriptive account of the way leisured Romans, at the best, might spend their lives.

THE HUMANITARIAN CALENDAR. By *William J. Robinson.* Freethought Press Association.

GERMAN IDIOM LIST. Compiled by *Edward F. Hauch.* Macmillan.

A VISIT TO NANSEN. By *J. H. Whitehouse.* Adventure. By *Sir E. H. Shackleton.* Oxford University Press. $1.

LION. By *Martin Johnson.* Putnam. $5.

WELFARE WORK IN MILL VILLAGES. By *Harriet L. Heuring.* University of North Carolina Press. $5.

Travel

WANDERERS. By MRS. HENRY CUST. With a Preface by SIR RONALD STORRS. Coward-McCann. 1928.

In 1849 Lady Emmeline Stuart-Wortley left England for a tour of America, and in 1851 her impressions were published under the title of "Travels in the United States." Her book is often mentioned as a fair antidote to Mrs. Trollope's acid picture of this country, and while not as good as Miss Martineau's "Retrospect of Western Travel," it possesses sufficient merit to have kept her name alive on this side of the Atlantic. There should, therefore, be a welcome for Mrs. Cust's interesting account of Lady Emmeline and her peregrinations in North America, in Spain, and Morocco, and in Palestine and Turkey.

"Wanderers" is not a mere *réchauffé* of Lady Emmeline's books of travel, for it is based in part on old family papers and unpublished manuscripts. But for the most part it does consist of a summary of the Englishwoman's observations, without much modern commentary. Lady Emmeline knew Edward Everett and Agassiz; she was received in the White House by Zachary Taylor, and liked the shrewd, kindly old warrior as much as Fredrika Bremer did; she visited the Mammoth Cave and went as far west as St. Louis, and a brief tour of the south left her more tolerant of slavery than were most British visitors of this period. But the best part of this volume is the vivid and humorous account of Constantinople, Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus, and the country between these points, as seen by Lady Emmeline seventy-five years ago. She gives us the materials of another "Eothen" without its felicities of style.

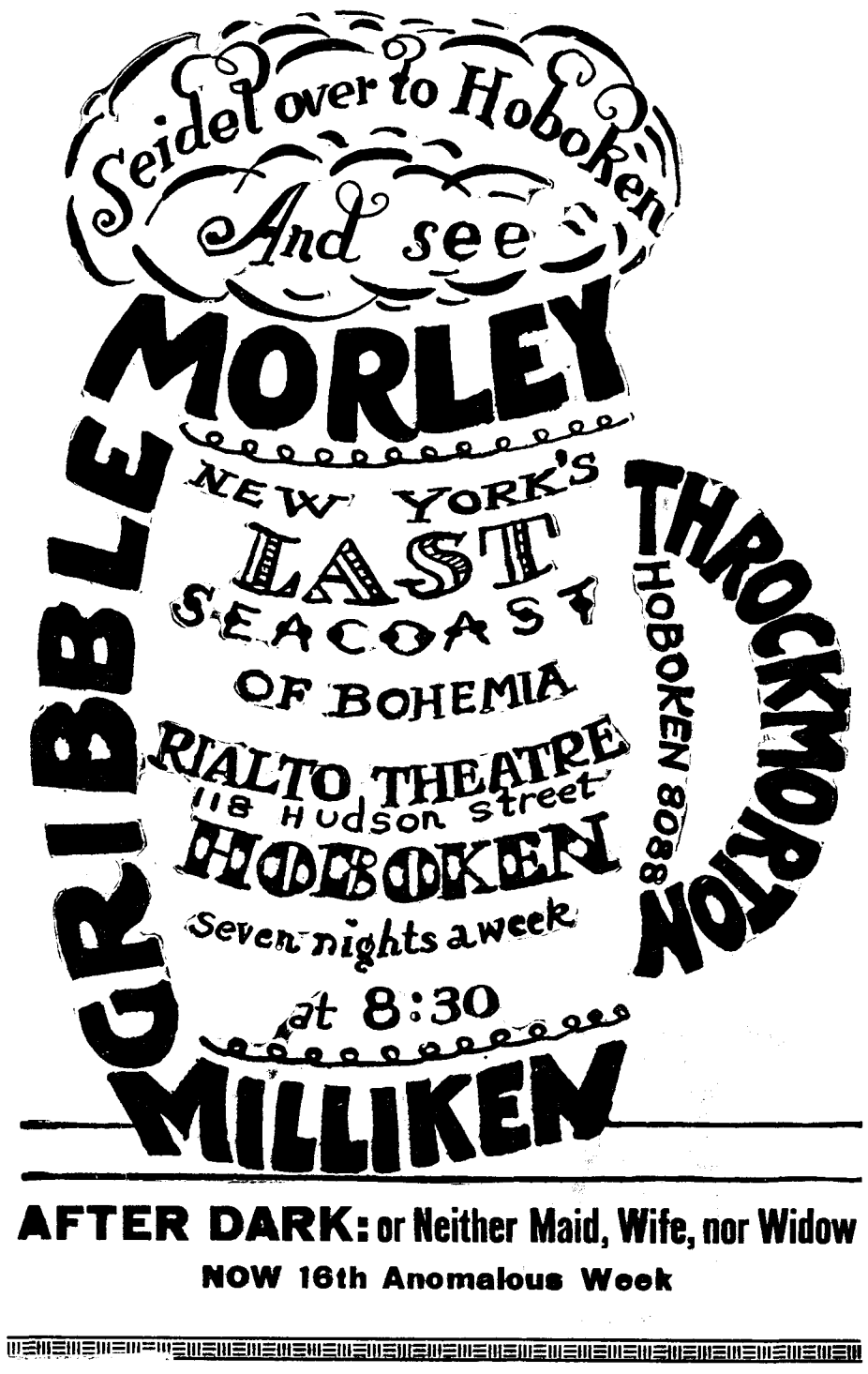
HOME OF NYMPHS AND VAMPIRES. By *George Horton.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

THE SAVAGE SOLOMONS. By *S. G. C. Knibbs.* Lippincott. $5.

A WAYFARER IN MOROCCO. By *Alys Lowth.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

DEEP SONG. By *Irving Brown.* Harpers. $3.50.

A CONCISE GUIDE TO THE TOWN AND UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE. Originally written by *John Willis Clark.* Cambridge: Bowes & Bowes.



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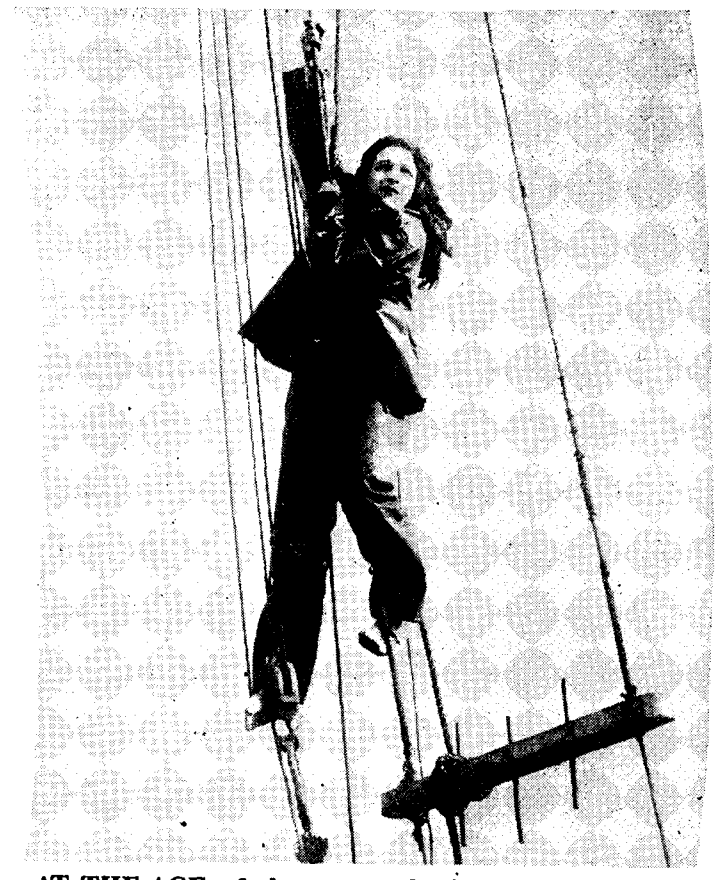


AT THE AGE of eleven months JOAN LOWELL went down to the sea in ships... Sprung from the LOWELLS of Boston on one side of her family, and on the other from a line of Levantine sailing masters, she weighed exactly eleven pounds when carried aboard the four-masted windjammer *Minnie A. Caine*, a copra-trading schooner plying the South Seas.

The only girl aboard, Joan stayed there seventeen years ... seventeen years without shoes and stockings.

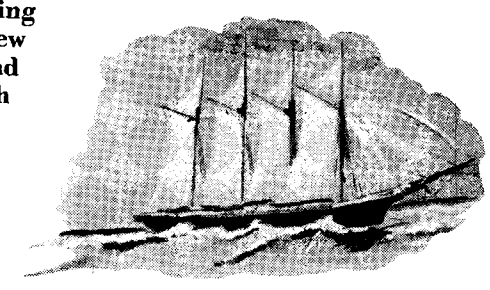
When Joan was two years old she could hold on to the poopdeck and say "god-damned wind." She learned to hand, reef and steer, to spit a curve in the wind, and to outswear the most blasphemous able-bodied seaman on board.

A bucko captain and his Bible charted for Joan the mysteries of sex. She learned about women from sharks and whales. She learned about love from blue-eyed Swedes, gloriously tattooed. She learned about death from storms and mutiny.

Giant white icebergs . . . A female-struck madman on a lonely Cuano reef . . . A game of strip poker on the fo'c's'le . . . An operation at sea performed with a razor and a belaying pin . . .

Joan saw the Dance of the Virgins on Atafu and learned that the ukulele was introduced to the South Seas by a Harvard boy. But the Dance put strange ideas into Joan's mind... And into the mind of Nelson, able-bodied seaman, even stranger ones... with all of it ending when the *Minnie A. Caine* sailed into her last anchorage.

One night in New York after adventures equally exciting ashore, JOAN LOWELL related some of her experiences to a few friends. Completely entranced, they asked her why she had never written them down. She replied she didn't know enough words. *They told her to write as she spoke—to tell all.*



Thus came into being Joan Lowell's own story. The publishers sent the manuscript to noted men of the sea and equally noted men of letters. "One has the impression," wrote back WILLIAM MCFEE, "of a breathless girl blurting it out in order to explain a pardonable but very astounding past... I had to keep on with it till I finished it during the small hours of this morning."

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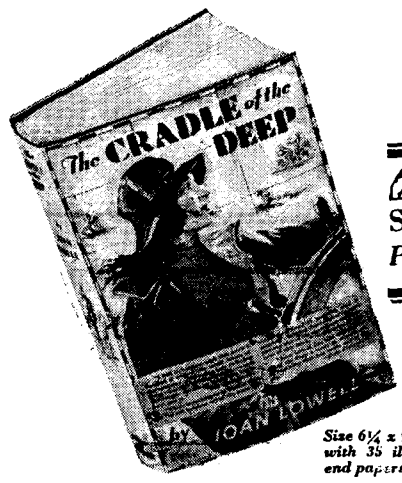

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A recent camera portrait of
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